

THE MONTH

FEBRUARY 1867.



Contents.

A STORMY LIFE; OR QUEEN MARGARET'S JOURNAL. By Lady G. FULLERTON. Part II.

Chap. XXV. Harlech Castle.

" XXVI. Evil Tidings.

" XXVII. Pages from the Queen's Journal.

" XXVIII. Meeting with old Friends.

SOCIAL DANGERS.

RHODA: A DEVONSHIRE ECLOGUE.

ENGLISH PREMIERS.

VIII. Charles James Fox (concluded).

THE COLUMN OF TRAJAN.

CATHOLIC QUESTIONS FOR THE NEW SESSION.

ANCOR-VIAT—A NEW GIANT CITY.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Dean Stanley on Loreto—Foujoulat, Histoire de France—Tales of the Early Christians—Naupeon, Etude de la Doctrine Catholique—More about Barsetshire—Townsend's Modern Geometry—Ante-Nicene Library—Miscellaneous Notices—Note to the Article on "Irish Birds' Nests."

LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

BURNS, LAMBERT, & OATES; R. WASHBOURNE.

DUBLIN: W. H. SMITH AND SON.—PARIS: XAVIER, RUE DE LA BANQUE, 22.

BRUSSELS: V. DEVAUX, RUE SAINT JEAN, 26.—BALTIMORE: KELLY & PICT.

[Price One Shilling.]

[All rights of translation and reproduction reserved.]

THE "SINGER" NEW NOISELESS LOCK-STITCH FAMILY SEWING MACHINES



These Machines combine all the latest improvements, and ARE NOW ON EXHIBITION, FOR THE FIRST TIME, being an improvement upon SINGER'S CELEBRATED "LETTER A" FAMILY SEWING MACHINE, OF WHICH OVER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THOUSAND HAVE BEEN SOLD IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

This NEW FAMILY MACHINE is beautiful in appearance and finish, incomparable in the simplicity of its construction, VERY RAPID, and yet NOISELESS in OPERATION, and the most thoroughly perfected Machine yet introduced to the public. It is furnished with a PATENT TUCK MARKER, and other novel accessories for the family, seamstress, tailor, manufacturers of shirts, collars, shirts, cloaks, mantles, children's clothing, caps, corsets, linen and silk goods, umbrellas, parasols, &c.

Purchasers desirous of securing the latest improvements and best Machines yet brought out should not fail to see them

CATALOGUES POST FREE.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Proprietors and Manufacturers of the World-renowned SINGER SEWING MACHINES

CHIEF OFFICE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, 147 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

BRANCH OFFICES—

LIVERPOOL, 30 Bold Street; MANCHESTER, 103 Market Street; NEWCASTLE, 6 Northumberland Street; NORTHAMPTON, 13 Sheep Street; GLASGOW, 65 Buchanan Street; DUNDEE, 28 Reform Street; DUBLIN, 69 Grafton Street; BELFAST, 7 Donegal Street.

RIMMEL'S NEW PERFUMED VALENTINES.



Animated Flowers, 1s. on Paper; 2s. 6d. on Satin.

The Pictorial Valentine, 1s.

The Medieval Valentine, 1s.

The Sachet Valentine, 1s.

The Marine Valentine, 1s.

The Charm Valentine, 1s.

St. Valentine's Gloves, 1s.

The Initial Valentine, painted on Moire Antique, Octavo, 2s. 6d.; Quarto, 5s.

The Language of Flowers, do. do., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d.

The Musical Valentine—the greatest novelty of the Season, 1l. 15s., 2l. 12s. 6d., 3l. 3s.

All sent by post on receipt of 14 stamps.

Richly mounted Valentines in endless variety, from 6d. to £10 10s.

Detailed Price List sent on application.

EUGENE RIMMEL,

Perfumer by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales,
96 STRAND, 128 REGENT STREET, AND 24 CORNHILL, LONDON.

WHO IS YOUR DOCTOR?

I DO NOT REQUIRE ONE SINCE I TOOK

MORISON'S PILLS.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

ES

d ARB
ing an
FAMILY
D AND
PARTS

pearance
VERY
e mos
t. It is
ovel ac
of shirt
corsets,

ee them

Y,
INES
N.

berland
Reform

ES.

ps.

5s.

s. 6d.

Al

Ag

o

Ba

Bo

Br

Bz

B

C

C

D

D

D

D

F

G

G

G

G

G

C

I

S

FOREIGN THEOLOGICAL AND LITERARY WORKS

IMPORTED BY

BURNS, LAMBERT, & OATES,

17 & 18 PORTMAN STREET, W., AND 63 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

*. The greater part of the Books in the following List are new, or of recent publication.

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|--|
| <i>Alet</i> | Vie du B. Canisius. 12mo. 2s. 6d. | <i>Landriot (Mgr.)</i> L'Eucharistie. 12mo. 3s. 6d. |
| <i>Agreda (Marie de Jésus d')</i> } | Cité mystique, ou Vie de la Tres Ste. Vierge. 7 vols. 8vo. 32s. | " " Le Symbolisme. 12mo. 3s. 6d. |
| <i>Barthélemy</i> . . | Lettres inédites de Ste. Chantal. 2 vols. 8vo. 10s. | " " Œuvres. 3 vols. 8vo. 18s. |
| <i>Boissieu</i> . . . | Méditations sur les Evangiles pour chaque jour de l'année. 3 v. 6s. | <i>Leroy</i> |
| <i>Braventure</i> . . | Œuvres complètes. 6 vols. 8vo. 82s. | Philosophie Catholique de l'histoire; ou, les Nations pour le Christ et l'Eglise. 2 vols. 7s. |
| <i>Burdaloue</i> . . | Œuvres complètes. 5 vols. 8vo. 20s. | <i>Lyonnard</i> . . |
| <i>Bouiz</i> | Vie et Œuvres de Ste. Thérèse. 3 vols. 8vo. 18s. | L'Apostolat de la Souffrance. 12mo. 2s. |
| " | Lettres de Ste. Thérèse. 3 vols. 8vo. 18s. | <i>Millet</i> |
| <i>Carrières</i> . . | La Ste. Bible, avec les Commentaires de Ménochius. 8 vols. 8vo. 28s. | Jésus vivant dans le prêtre. 12mo. 3s. 6d. |
| <i>Craven</i> | Récit d'une Sœur. 2 vols. 12mo. 8s. | <i>Montalembert</i> . |
| <i>Darbins</i> . . . | Vie et Œuvres de Marie Latate. 3 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d. | Les moines d'Occident. Vol. 3. 7s. 6d. |
| <i>De Brandi</i> . . | Méditations à l'usage des religieuses. 5 vols. 12mo. 10s. | " " Le Pere Lacordaire. 12mo. 2s. |
| <i>Dupanloup (Mgr)</i> | La prédication populaire. 8vo. 7s. 6d. | <i>Nicolas</i> |
| " " | L'Athéisme et le péril social. 8vo. 1s. 6d. | L'Art de croire; ou, préparation philosophique à la foi chrétienne. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. |
| | Examen raisonné des Devoirs des Prêtres. 2 vols. 8vo. 6s. | " " Etudes philosophiques sur le Christianisme. 4 vols. 12mo. 14s. |
| <i>Fellous</i> . . . | Lettres inédites de Mme. Swetchine. 12mo. 3s. 6d. | " " La Vierge Marie et le plan divin. 4 vols. 12mo. 16s. |
| <i>Gautier</i> . . . | Les Epopées Françaises. 3 vols. 8vo. 30s. | <i>Perraud</i> . . . |
| <i>Grou</i> | Intérieur de Jésus et de Marie. 2 vols. 12mo. 5s. | L'Irlande contemporaine. 2 vols. 8vo. 15s. |
| <i>Guéranger</i> . . | Le Temps Pascal. Tome III. 4s. | <i>Raineri</i> |
| <i>Guérin</i> | Vies des Saints d'après les Bollandistes, Surius, Ribadineira, et Giry. 15 vols. 8vo. 6s. per vol. 5 vols. are out. | Cours d'Instructions familières. 4 vols. 8vo. 18s. |
| | | <i>Ravignan</i> . . |
| | | Entretiens Spirituels. 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. |
| | | <i>Reyre</i> |
| | | Année Pastorale. 5 v. 12mo. 5s. 6d. |
| | | <i>Roberti</i> |
| | | Quelques Raisons pour ne pas être Protestant. 12mo. 2s. |
| | | <i>Séguir (Mgr. de)</i> |
| | | Nos Grandeurs en Jésus. 18mo. 1s. 3d. |
| | | " " Instructions Familières. 2 vols. 12mo. 5s. |
| | | <i>Thiebaud</i> . . . |
| | | Homélies sur les Evangiles. 4 vols. 12mo. 7s. |
| | | <i>Veuillot</i> . . . |
| | | Les Odeurs de Paris. 12mo. 4s. |
| | | Vies des Saints pour tous les jours de l'année, orné de 384 gravures. 8vo. 3s. |
| <i>Gury</i> | Casus Conscientie. Last edition, 6 parts complete. 7s. 6d. | <i>Schrader</i> . . . |
| <i>Reig</i> | Auster vivificans, seu contemplationes circa perfectiones Dei uni, trini, et incarnati. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. | De Unitate Romana Commentarius. Liber II. 20s. |
| <i>Schrader</i> . . . | De Unitate Romana Commentarius. Liber I. 4s. 6d. | <i>Squili (B. Alex.)</i> |
| | | Commentariolum de Officio et Moribus Episcopi. 8vo. 1s. 6d. |
| | | <i>S. Thomas Aquinas</i> } |
| | | Summa Theologica, diligenter emendata, Nicolai, Sylvi, Billuart et Drioux notis ornata. 10 vols. 8vo. 40s. |

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES: COUGHS.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES: ASTHMA.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES: INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES: BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES:

WHICH ARE DAILY RECOMMENDED BY THE FACULTY.—Testimonials from the most eminent of whom may be seen.

Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d.; and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each, by T. KEATING, Chemist, 79 St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Sold Retail by all Druggists, &c.

Important Testimonial from a Clergyman in Essex.

August 25th, 1866.

DEAR SIR,—I have derived so much benefit from using your Cough Lozenges that I write to make you acquainted with the circumstance, and with the view of benefiting some who may be inconvenienced by a winter cough. For many years I have been more or less troubled with a Cough, but during last winter it became so bad that I could scarcely read aloud. Having taken other remedies, some of them very nauseous, among them Cough no More, without obtaining relief, I tried your Lozenges, which are very palatable, and was agreeably surprised at the result of the trial. You are at liberty to make use of this communication.—I remain faithfully yours, E. L. D.

Now ready, price 4d.; interleaved, 6d.

THE CATHOLIC CALENDAR AND CHURCH GUIDE FOR 1867.

FOR ALL THE DIOCESES; ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

Also (bound up with the above), on superfine paper, cloth gilt, 1s. 6d. (one week in two pages),

THE CATHOLIC DIARY FOR 1867.

JAMES DUFFY, 22 PATERNOSTER ROW; and all Booksellers in town and country.

CATHOLIC BIOGRAPHICAL LIBRARY.

On 1st January 1867, No. I., price One Shilling complete, with Portrait,

MEMOIR OF H. E. CARDINAL WISEMAN,

FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

To be followed at intervals by Memoirs of H. H. Pius IX.; Father Lacordaire; Bishops Fisher, Milner, &c.; Montalembert, &c.; Overbeck, Hurter, Lucas, Pugin, and other distinguished Converts.

Each Number a complete Biography, for 1s.

LONDON: ROBERT WASHBOURNE, 13 PATERNOSTER ROW.

PEACE THROUGH THE TRUTH:

OR, ESSAYS ON SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH DR. PUSEY'S "EIRENICON."

FIRST SERIES.

By Rev. T. HARPER, S.J., Professor of Theology in the College of St. Beuno, North Wales.

ἡ δὲ ἀνωθεν σοφία πρῶτον μὲν ἀγνὴ ἐστίν, ὅσπερ εἰρημική. ST. JAMES III. 17.

CONTENTS:

- I. Introductory Essay.
- II. The Unity of the Church.
- III. Transubstantiation.
- IV. The Immaculate Conception.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, READER, & DYER, Paternoster Row.

MUSIC.

A Catholic Lady, experienced as an Organist and Teacher of Music, and who is completing an engagement of five years in one of the leading Convent-schools in England, is open to an immediate re-engagement, either in a Convent or a Secular Ladies' School; or the Advertiser would be happy to attend two or three good families in town, daily, for a period. First-class references and testimonials. Address: A. C., 50 South Street, Berkeley Square.

"He shall carry the lambs in His bosom."

A new and beautiful Statue of Our Lord as

THE GOOD SHEPHERD,

well adapted for an Altar or a Niche, may now be had of Messrs. BURNS, LAMBERT, & OATES, Portman Street.

| | |
|--------------------------------|--------|
| Plain | £2 2 0 |
| Better finish | 2 12 6 |
| Painted stone colour, and gilt | 3 3 0 |

REPRINTS FROM "THE MONTH."

THE FIRST SISTER OF MERCY:

Price Sixpence.

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MOTHER MAULEY,

Foundress of the Institute of our Blessed Lady of Mercy.

DE PROFUNDIS:

A PLEA FOR WORKHOUSE CHILDREN.

With an Introduction by the Most Reverend the Archbishop of Westminster.

Price One Penny.

At St. JOSEPH'S LIBRARY, 50 South Street, Grosvenor Square; or at BURNS, LAMBERT, & OATES, 17 Portman Street.

LE CONTEMPORAIN :

REVUE D'ECONOMIE CHRETIENNE.

(7^e ANNEE.)

*Littérature, Histoire, Philosophie, Sciences,
Théologie, Beaux-Arts, Voyages, Economie Charitable,
Bibliographie, etc.*

Cette *Revue*, qui a été approuvée par des lettres d'une importance tout exceptionnelle de NN. SS. les évêques d'Orléans et de Carcassonne, est suivie d'un *Bulletin universel de Bibliographie*. Elle paraît à la fin de chaque mois par livraison de 192 pages.

Paris et Départements: Un An, 20 fr.; Six Mois, 11 fr.
(25 fr. avec l'Annuaire.)

Angleterre: 21s. Avec Annuaire, £1 6s.

LONDON: E. VATON, 4 Red Lion Court,
Fleet Street, E.C.

REVUE DES QUESTIONS HISTORIQUES.

Première Année.

8^e Livraison, 1^{er} Janvier.

Livraison du 1^{er} Janvier.

1. Le Recensement de Quirinius. Témoignages historiques relatifs à un Passage de l'Evangile de Saint Luc, par M. Ernest Desjardins, Maître de Conférences à l'Ecole normale.—2. Saint Maximin de Trèves et les semi-Ariens, par Dom Fr. Chamard.—3. Les Fausses Décrétales, deuxième partie, par M. Edouard Dumont.—4. La Guerre des Albigeois et Alphonse de Poitiers, par M. E. Boutaric, Sous-Chef de section aux Archives de l'Empire.—5. De l'Authenticité des Lettres de Marie-Antoinette récemment publiées, par M. Georges Gandy (avec trois planches de *fac-simile*).—6. Charlotte Corday et Fualdès, par M. Léon de la Sicotière.—7. Les Catacombes de Rome d'après les récents Travaux, deuxième partie, par M. Henri de l'Épinois.—8. Mélanges: Jeanne d'Arc trahie par Charles VII, par M. de Beaucourt. La Lettre du Vicomte d'Orthe à Charles IX, par M. Tamizey de Larroque. Mounier Démocrate, par M. Albert du Boys. Le Blas-m et l'Armorial du Héraut Berry, par M. Anatole de Barthélemy.—9. Courrier Anglais, par M. Gustave Masson.—10. Chronique, par M. Léon Gautier.—11. Bulletin Bibliographique.—12. La Question de Bibracte: Lettres de MM. Bulliot et Rossignaux.

PARIS: Bureaux de la Revue, Librairie de VICTOR PALME, Editeur, Rue de Grenelle Saint-Germain, 25,

ETUDES

RELIGIEUSES, HISTORIQUES ET
LITTÉRAIRES.

PAR DES PERES DE LA COMPAGNIE DE JESUS.

Nouvelle Série.—Tome Douzième.

Janvier 1867.—Numéro 49.

Sommaire:

1. Mission de la France, par Marin de Boylesve.—2. Les Doctrines de la Compagnie de Jésus sur la Liberté, par A. Matignon.—3. La Famine aux Indes Anglaises, par E. Paton.—4. La Réforme du Clergé Russe: Les Ecoles Ecclésiastiques, par P. J. Gagarin.—5. Bourgeois et Gentilshommes, par Ch. Clair.—6. Le Docteur Pusey et son projet d'Union jugés par un Professeur de Théologie, par J. Forbes.—7. Le Dieu Humanité, épître au r. p. M. de P., par G. Longhaye.—8. Le Cardinal Gousset, par H. Mertian.—9. Correspondance.—10. Bibliographie: *Recueil de Poésies Calvinistes*, publié par M. Tarbé: par C. Somervogel.—*Aurelia*, par M. A. Quinton; par Ch. Clair.—*Vie du R. P. Philippe de Souville*, par le P. A. Pruvost: par F. Marie.—11. Varia.

Paris: au Bureau de la Revue chez JOSEPH ALBA-
NEL, Libraire, Rue de Tournon 15; et chez AUGUSTE
DURAND, Rue Cujas 7 (ancienne Rue des Grès-Sor-
bonne).

REVUE DU MONDE CATHOLIQUE

Paraissant le 10 de chaque Mois.

Sixième Année.—Tome Dix-Septième.

N^o 136.—10 Janvier 1867.

Sommaire:

1. Les Odeurs de Paris, par Ph. Serret.—2. L'Orga-
nisation judiciaire de l'Empire Romain, par Paul
Dubois.—3. Voltaire et Fréron (2^e article), par U.
Maynard.—4. Les Moines d'Occident, par Ernest
Hello.—5. Histoire d'une Chrétienne (3^e partie),
par Eug. de Margerie.—6. Les Missions Protestantes,
par Auguste Roussel.—7. Souvenirs d'Italie, par
P. M. de Bacilly.—8. M. Gustave Doré, par Bathild
Bouliol.—9. De Choses et d'Autres, par Eugène
Veuillot.—10. Chronique, par J. Chantrel.—11. Re-
vue Littéraire.—*Histoire de l'Ancien et du Nouveau
Testament*, l'après les seuls témoignages profanes, ou
la Bible sans la Bible, par M. l'Abbé Gaines.—2. *Cor-
respondance secrète et inédite sur Louis XVI, Marie-
Antoinette, la cour et la ville, de 1777 à 1789*, publiée
d'après les manuscrits de la Bibliothèque impériale
de Saint-Petersbourg, par M. de Lessure.—3. *Les
Perles*, pièces d'écrin artistique et littéraire.—4. *Tradi-
tio Eucharistica ab iove Apostolorum, etc.*, auctore
Berthauimier.—*L'Ouvrier*:—par A. Vaillant.

PARIS: VICTOR PALME, Libraire-Editeur de la
nouvelle édition des *Acta Sanctorum* des Bollandistes,
Rue de Grenelle Saint-Germain 25.

Annual Subscription, 11. ; free by post, 11. 6s.

London Agent: E. VATON, 4 Red Lion Court,
Fleet Street E.C.

LIBRAIRIE ECCLESIASTIQUE ET RELIGIEUSE

DE

LOUIS VIVÈS,

PARIS.

VIES des Pères des déserts d'Orient, leur doctrine spirituelle et leur discipline monastique. Nouvelle édition d'après le P. MICHEL-ANGE MARIN, avec introduction, notes et éclaircissements historiques, par M. E. VEUILLLOT. 6 beaux vols. in-80, ornés de 70 gravures, par M. CERONI. Prix 11. 8s.

HISTOIRE GENERALE DES AUTEURS SACRES ET ECCLESIASTIQUES, qui contiennent leur vie, le catalogue, la critique, le jugement, la chronologie, l'analyse et le dénombrement des différentes éditions de leurs ouvrages, ce qu'ils renferment de plus intéressant sur le dogme, sur la morale et sur la discipline de l'Eglise, l'histoire des conciles tant généraux que particuliers, et les actes choisis des martyrs, par le R. P. DOM REMY CEILLIER. Nouvelle édition, soigneusement revue, corrigée, complétée et terminée par une table générale des matières, par M. BAUZON, ancien directeur de Séminaire. 17 volumes in-40, à deux colonnes. Prix 61. 16s.

AURIFODINA UNIVERSALIS. Scientiarum divinarum atque humanarum ex fontibus aureis sanctorum patrum, conciliorum, doctorum necnon paganorum, fere ducentorum, tam in theologia quam in philosophia, per sententias plusquam octoginta millia sub titulis septingentis et ultra, ordine alphabetico digestarum, religiosiis et secularibus, maximeque concionatoribus, oratoribus, jurisperitis, aliisque omnibus studiosis utilissima, a V.-P. ROBERTO, cameracensis capucino, Provincie Gallo-Belgicae. 4 volumes in-40, à deux colonnes, papier vélin satiné. Prix 11. 8s. 10d.

HISTOIRE GENERALE DE L'EGLISE, depuis la Création jusqu'à nos jours. Par l'Abbé J.-E. DARRAS, Vicaire-Général d'Ajaccio. Environ 20 volumes in-80 de 600 pages, sur papier vélin satiné. Prix 5s. le volume. Le huit premiers volumes de cette publication sont en vente.

ŒUVRES COMPLETES DE BOSSUET, publiées d'après les imprimés et les manuscrits originaux, purgées des interpolations et rendues à leur intégrité, par F. LACHAT. Edition renfermant tous les ouvrages édités et plusieurs inédits, avec le portrait de l'auteur et un fac-simile de son écriture. Papier ordinaire, prix 61.

LE CATECHISME DE RODEZ, expliqué en forme de prones, par M. LUCHE, Curé de Montbazens. 3 volumes in-80. Prix 12s.

ŒUVRES COMPLETES DE SAINT FRANCOIS DE SALES, Evêque et Prince de Genève. Publiées d'après les manuscrits et les éditions les plus correctes, avec un grand nombre de pièces inédites; précédées de sa Vie, par M. DE SALES, et ornées de son portrait et d'un fac-simile de son écriture. Quatrième édition. 14 beaux vols. in-80, papier vélin satiné, prix 81. 8s.

ŒUVRES COMPLETES DE LOUIS DE GRENADE, traduites intégralement pour la première fois en Français, par MM. BAREILLE, T. DUVAL, A. CRAMPON, J. BOUCHER et C. BERTON. 21 vols. in-80 de 500 à 600 pages, papier vergé anglais à la colle animale. Prix 61. 16s.

VIE DES SAINTS, par le R. P. RIBADENEIRA. Traduction Française revue et augmentée de la Vie des Saints et des bienheureux nouveaux, des Fêtes de Notre-Seigneur, et de l'Histoire des Saints de l'ancien Testament, par M. l'Abbé DARAS. Cinquième édition revue, corrigée et augmentée d'une table analytique à l'usage des prédicateurs et des catéchistes. 13 vols. in-80, papier vélin satiné. Prix 21. 8s.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS TO THE CLERGY.

For Terms and complete Catalogue, apply to

E. VATON, 4 Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C., London

(LATE 2 WELLINGTON SQUARE, S.W.).

All Catholic Books and Reviews furnished with the least possible delay, and on most reasonable terms.

METALLIC PEN-MAKER TO THE QUEEN.

JOSEPH GILLOTT

Respectfully invites the attention of the Public to the following Numbers of his

PATENT METALLIC PENS.

Which, for QUALITY OF MATERIAL, EASY ACTION, and GREAT DURABILITY, will ensure universal preference.

FOR LADIES' USE.—For fine neat writing, especially on thick and highly finished papers. Nos. 1, 173, 303, 604. In Extra-fine Points.

FOR GENERAL USE.—Nos. 2, 164, 166, 168, 604. In Fine Points.

FOR BOLD FREE WRITING.—Nos. 3, 164, 166, 168, 604. In Medium Points.

FOR GENTLEMEN'S USE, FOR LARGE, FREE, BOLD WRITING.—The Black Swan Quill, large barrel Pen, No. 808. The Patent Magnum Bonum, No. 263. In Medium and Broad Points.

FOR GENERAL WRITING.—No. 263. In Extra-fine and Fine points. No. 810, new Bank Pen. No. 262. In Fine points. Small Barrel. No. 840, the Autograph Pen.

FOR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES.—The celebrated Three-hole Correspondence Pen, No. 382.

The Public Pen, No. 292.

Small Barrel Pens, fine and free, Nos. 392, 405, 603.

TO BE HAD OF EVERY RESPECTABLE STATIONER IN THE WORLD.

WHOLESALE AND FOR EXPORTATION

AT THE

Manufactory, Victoria Works, Graham Street, and at 96 New Street, Birmingham; 91 John Street, New York; and at the London Dépôt, 37 Gracechurch Street, E.C.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—MASTERY OVER DISEASE.—There is a constant tendency in the human body to pass from strength to weakness, unless some means be adopted to counteract the "wear and tear" and other deteriorating influences. Holloway's Pills effect this admirably; they accomplish all the most exacting invalid can require. As alteratives they regulate the stomach and cause the blood to flow freely; as cathartics they remove the impurities of the system; as diuretics they cleanse the kidneys; as tonics they invigorate the nervous system. They have blessed with health thousands previously blasted by disease. In all cases of indigestion, perspiration, headaches, heartburn, and functional obstructions, sufferers have Holloway's Pills as a resource to fall back upon which never disappoint their most sanguine hopes.

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.

THE Greatest and most Useful Invention of the day, AGUA AMARELLA.

1 MESSRS. JOHN GOSNELL & Co., Three King Court, Lombard Street, London, Perfumers to her Majesty, respectfully offer to the public this truly marvellous fluid, which gradually restores the human hair to its pristine hue—no matter at what age. The Agua Amarella has none of the properties of dyes; it, on the contrary, is beneficial to the system, and when the hair is once restored, one application per month will keep it in perfect colour. Price One Guinea per bottle,—or half bottles, 10s. 6d. Testimonials from Artists of the highest order, and from individuals of undoubted respectability, may be inspected on application.

JOHN GOSNELL & Co.'s CHERRY TOOTH PASTE is greatly superior to any Tooth Powder, gives the teeth a pearl-like whiteness, protects the enamel from decay, and imparts a pleasing fragrance to the breath.

JOHN GOSNELL & Co. have been appointed Perfumers to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales.

Manufactory removed to Red Bull Wharf, Angel Passage, Upper Thames Street, E.C.

ST. JOSEPH'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

50 SOUTH STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE.

OPEN EVERY DAY FROM TEN TO SIX P.M.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS:

One Volume at a time £0 10 6 per annum.

| | | | | |
|--------------------------------|---|---|---|--|
| One Volume at a time | 1 | 1 | 0 | |
| Three Volumes | 1 | 1 | 0 | |

NO BOOKS MUST BE DETAINED LONGER THAN TWO MONTHS.

All the New French and English Catholic Works taken in.

N.B. Books lent by the Week on the usual conditions.

THE FURNISHING OF BEDROOMS.

HEAL AND SON

Have observed for some time that it would be advantageous to their customers to see a much larger selection of Bedroom Furniture than is usually displayed, and that to judge properly of the style and effect of the different descriptions of Furniture, it is necessary that each description should be placed in a separate room. They have therefore erected large and additional Show Rooms, by which they are enabled not only to extend their show of Iron, Brass, and Wood Bedsteads, and Bedroom Furniture, beyond what they believe has ever been attempted; but also to provide several small rooms for the purpose of keeping complete suites of Bedroom Furniture in the different styles.

Japanned Deal Goods may be seen in complete suites of five or six different colours, some of them light and ornamental, and others of a plainer description. Suites of Stained Deal Gothic Furniture, Polished Deal, Oak, and Walnut, are also set apart in separate rooms, so that customers are able to see the effect as it would appear in their own rooms. A Suite of very superior Gothic Oak Furniture will generally be kept in stock, and from time to time new and select Furniture in various woods will be added.

Bed Furnitures are fitted to the Bedsteads in large numbers, so that a complete assortment may be seen, and the effect of any particular pattern ascertained as it would appear on the Bedstead.

A very large stock of Bedding (HEAL and SON'S original trade) is placed on the BEDSTEADS.

The stock of Mahogany Goods for the better Bedrooms, and Japanned Goods for plain and servants' use, is very greatly increased. The entire Stock is arranged in eight rooms, six galleries (each 120 feet long), and two large ground floors, the whole forming as complete an assortment of Bedroom Furniture as they think can possibly be desired.

Every attention is paid to the manufacture of the Cabinet Work, and they have just erected large Workshops on the premises for this purpose, that the manufacture may be under their own immediate care.

Their Bedding Trade receives their constant and personal attention, every article being made on the premises.

They particularly call attention to their Patent Spring Mattress, the *Sommier Elastique Portatif*. It is portable, durable, and elastic, and lower in price than the old Spring Mattress.

HEAL AND SON'S

Illustrated Catalogue of Bedsteads, Bedding, and Bedroom Furniture sent free by post.

196, 197, 198 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

THE MONTH.

FEBRUARY 1867.

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| A STORMY LIFE; OR QUEEN MARGARET'S JOURNAL. By Lady | |
| G. FULLERTON. Part II. | 97 |
| Chap. XXV. Harlech Castle. | |
| " XXVI. Evil Tidings. | |
| " XXVII. Pages from the Queen's Journal. | |
| " XXVIII. Meeting with old Friends. | |
| SOCIAL DANGERS | 121 |
| RHODA: A DEVONSHIRE ECLOGUE | 135 |
| ENGLISH PREMIERS | 141 |
| VIII. Charles James Fox (<i>concluded</i>). | |
| THE COLUMN OF TRAJAN | 153 |
| CATHOLIC QUESTIONS FOR THE NEW SESSION | 161 |
| ANCOR-VIAT—A NEW GIANT CITY | 171 |
| OUR LIBRARY TABLE | 178 |
| Dean Stanley on Loreto—Poujoulat, Histoire de France— Tales of the Early Christians—Nampon, Etude de la Doc- trine Catholique—More about Barsetshire—Townsend's Modern Geometry—Ante-Nicene Library—Miscellaneous Notices—Note to the Article on "Irish Birds'-Nests." | |

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

STATIONERS'-HALL COURT.

CONTENTS OF THE JANUARY NUMBER.

The Poor-law in England and Ireland.

A Stormy Life; or Queen Margaret's Journal. By Lady G. Fullerton.

Chap. XXI. At the Gray Friars.

" XXII. The French Friar's Story.

" XXIII. The Queen at Norwich.

" XXIV. A new Joy and a new Anguish.

English Premiers. VII. Charles James Fox.

The Story of Alexandrine. Part II.

Scenes in Teneriffe. I. Santa Cruz to Oratava.

The "Christian Year" on the Doctrine of the Real Presence.

English Sympathy with Italy.

Our Library Table:

Life of Dr. Whately—M. de Montalembert's Monks of the West—The Benedictine Monasteries of Italy—Three Phases of Christian Love—Churton and Jones's Edition of the New Testament—Father Faber's Notes—Lady Herbert's Impressions of Spain.

NOTICE.

All Books and Publications intended for review in the MONTH should be sent to the Editor, at 50 South Street, Grosvenor Square, W., or at the Publishers', Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-Hall Court, Ludgate Street, E.C. It is requested that Letters and Manuscripts may be sent to the former address.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications.

Subscribers in any part of Great Britain or Ireland are informed that they may receive the MONTH, post-free, on the day of publication, by sending their names to the Editor, at 50 South Street (as above), at the rate of 7s. the half-year, or 6s. 6d. if paid in advance.

** * Advertisements to be sent to MR. G. BLAND, 27 St. Dunstan's Hill, London, E.C.*

A Stormy Life;

OR

QUEEN MARGARET'S JOURNAL.

PART II.

CHAPTER XXV.

HARLECH CASTLE.

I HAVE set down in this book the Queen's conversations with her poor servant at Harlech Castle in Wales, whither we retired in the month of July 1460, after a perilous flight from the field of battle at Northampton. The Duke of Exeter, the Earl of Richmond, the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Gray, and the Lady Isabella his wife,—who hath been since her marriage one of the bedchamber ladies to her majesty,—and some other noblemen and esquires of less note, have followed her grace to this fortress, whereunto it should appear Providence hath conducted her steps; for nature has furnished it with almost impregnable ramparts, and, like unto an eagle's eyrie, it defies the approach of invaders. The lord thereof is a Welsh chieftain, David ap Jeuan ap Einion, a very giant in height and size, and a most brave and loyal friend to the Queen. The little prince, when he heard his name, said it should not be David but Goliath; and then the play betwixt them was for his highness to throw pebbles at the giant, who fell down and feigned to be slain. And then the prince ran to cut off his head with his wooden sword; but kneeling down by his side, would kiss his huge cheeks, and pray him to stand up, for that he loved him very much. This made the Queen smile, which she had not done since that dreadful defeat and slaughter, and the taking of the King, news of which had reached her since she came into Wales. The pure air which bloweth from these high mountains hath strengthened her frame, and revived hopes dawn in her soul. Sometimes when the bards play on their harps warlike strains, she listens to them, at first with a wistful abstracted look, but soon the cloud of heavy care rolls away from her brow, and a light beams in her eyes like unto the gleams of sunshine which illumine the stormy skies of these frowning regions. The good people of this land would die for her and the prince, and the holy king, now a captive; and this affection shows itself in an artless and fervent fashion, which cheers her, she says, even as a ray of the sun of Providence falling by some miracle on a northern landscape. I notice

that the poesy of the Welsh bards and their music awaken in her remembrances of her childhood in other lands, and of the *gay savoir*, in the which she was no mean proficient before weighty troubles engrossed her thoughts. Sometimes when the sun is setting, and rosy tints adorn the peak of Snowdon, she sits on the battlements with my lord the prince on her knee; and she tells him little tales she learnt in France and Italy, or sings to please him the lays of King René. Then gather round this rare mother and child, one by one, ravished listeners. The old bard brings his harp, and ever and anon sounds a chord in unison with her wondrous melodious voice. The two young earls, Richmond and Pembroke, who well-nigh worship their noble Queen and sister, sit at her feet with clasped hands and upraised faces. I could not refrain from smiling when Mary Beaumont, who is also here, said in the hearing of Lord Pembroke that Isabella Gray (Bessy Woodville she was before her marriage) was the fairest woman she had ever seen.

"Marry, Mistress Beaumont," cried the young lord, "and if you had said the fairest image or doll, I should be of your thinking; but for a woman, show me other eyes and another mouth than those blue beads and coral lips."

Lord Gray is the most loved and loving husband in the world, and a tender father to his two fair babes. When love is the theme of a lay, his eyes turn on his wife, and then she responds with a sweet smile; but she hath no soul for verses or music, and is more occupied methinks with her dress than aught else on these occasions. She repairs it in so ingenious a manner, and disposes it so becomingly, that one should think her gowns were new from Margaret Chamberlayne's tirerooms in the Strand. Verily there are persons which have no faults, and yet one cannot affection them. The placid virtues of Isabella Gray cause me more sins of uncharitableness than any other person's offences. *Mea culpa* this is—*mea maxima culpa*. But I would fain like this gentle lady more, or have a better reason to dislike her. As to David ap Einion, he cannot contain his displeasure when a legend tells of cruel tyrants and ladies unjustly used. On one occasion he rose and brandished his weapon fiercely against a recreant knight in a tale. The Queen said to him, smiling, "Sir David, you mind me of the first Christian French king, Clovis, who, when St. Remigius related unto him the passion of our Lord, stamped his foot, and cried: 'O that I only had been there with my brave soldiers!'"

The prince threw his arm round his mother's neck, and said, "Sweet mother, I love that king which would have fought for Christ our Lord; and I love Sir David, who would fight for us; and I love—"

Here he stopped, and the Queen, fondly caressing him, asked, "And who else lovest thou?"

"Thee, sweet mother, and my father the King," he answered.

"And who besides?" she said, yet more fondly.

And he replied: "O, I love also sweet little Anne Neville, who played with me last year in London on the love-day, when thou,

sweet mother, didst walk to St. Paul's Church hand-in-hand with the Duke of York."

Then the Queen's face became dark as a thunder-cloud, and she said sternly, "Thy father's son, Edward, may not love any of the Nevilles."

The prince thought for a moment, and then answered: "My father told me when we were at Coventry that I should love all men: he did not say all little damsels; so maybe I must hate them. But Anne Neville was very winsome."

The Queen's eyes filled with tears; methinks the words of her child had recalled to her mind the King's Christian spirit.

Night after night at that time her majesty lay awake, and often till a late hour she kept me with her to converse or to read out loud to her. That evening she said: "O Meg, my good Meg, there are two Margarets within my soul; one exceeding loving, and one fierce. Love in me begets hatred. If it were less passionate, my hates would be less excessive."

I had not the courage to say it, but I thought if she loved God more, *that* love would quench hatred. She bade me bring her journal-book to her, and inquired when she had last written in it.

"Never in England," I replied.

"And have you," she said, "kept no record of the many years since I landed in this country?"

"Yea, madame," I replied, "I wrote somewhat touching those years till the time when I was with your grace at Hertford Castle."

"That is well-nigh five years ago," she said. "Whither went we afterwards?"

"To Greenwich," I said.

"Yea, to Greenwich," she rejoined; "and there I abided the time of the King's second recovery with that patience which consumes the heart but gains its end. Well, take thy pen and write that when there I called to my side the Tudors, which have been true young brothers to me since. Once I cried shame on my aunt Katherine for her unroyal marriage, but now I would fain canonise her for that deed, for from that union have sprung those gallant boys, the most loyal hearts in England to the King and me. I now perceive that a Welsh squire is worth an English nobleman, if I judge by Owen Tudor and his sons, and our good Sir David here."

"Am I to set that down, madame?" I asked.

"No, no," she answered, smiling. "All truths are not good to be uttered; saith a French proverb; much less, I ween, to be written. But write, that secretly at Greenwich I gathered round me the flower of the English chivalry—the ardent sons of the brave fathers slain at St. Albans—and bided my time. Then one blessed day my lord was himself again, and went to Westminster, to the House of Parliament, where he demanded to be restored to his rights and to reign again, which by acclamation was assented to, and the wicked three—York, Salisbury, and Warwick—retired once more from London. The King then was, as he hath been and ever will be, too good, too *débonnaire*. Forgive, forgive, is always on his lips and in his heart."

In that he too much resembles my father ; but I have now discerned the truth of the saying of a heathen philosopher, that a merciful disposition is a weakness."

"O madame, say not so," I exclaimed.

"I tell thee, Meg, this is true in this manner : that to pardon traitors is a cruelty to loyal men ; and to spare rebels an injustice to good subjects. The King's mild spirit, which will not suffer him to take revenge or to shed blood, leads to the wreck of his kingdom and the ruin of his son. If goodness and virtue, if justice and holiness could have procured peace and quiet in this land, surely it would have done so when the King was at that time restored, and Waynfleet was Chancellor, and the good Lord Fortescue Lord High Treasurer, and Lord Worcester and Lord Cromwell, and so many wise and honourable men about his person and in state offices. My God, how he laboured in those years for the weal of his people ! Either he was planning new colleges and schools for the diffusion of religion and learning, or hospitals and almshouses for the poor, and moving his friends amongst the nobles to found the same in their counties, which now exist. He had a passion for increasing the grammar-schools ; and in London ordained that such should be established in St. Martin's-le-grand, St. Mary-le-bow, in Cheap, St. Dunstan in the West, and St. Anthony, as well as at St. Paul's. King's College and Eton he wearied not in improving, but had most at heart the teaching of poor men's children, by that same token that he often recalled the words of a holy Pope in the twelfth century, who said that the Church, as a pious mother, is bound to provide teaching for the poor, lest the opportunity of reading and improving themselves be taken away from them. And he commended that ecclesiastical institute, which ordained that all Mass-priests should have in their house a school of disciples, and that if any good man should desire to have his children taught by them, they ought gladly to receive and kindly to teach them, and require naught from their parents than what they were willing to give. I remember when my Lord of Winchester would found a college at Oxford in honour of the glorious apostoles St. Magdalen, the King was well pleased thereat, but would have moved him to build it at Cambridge. The Bishop would by no means consent thereunto ; and my lord, with his accustomed mildness, said, ' Well, Master William, sith it be so, we think well of your piety, and will forward it to the most of our power.' The King was well contented also that I strove with my poor ability to set on foot new skilful trades, and sent for artificers from France and the Low Countries to instruct this people in many useful arts. All the while we held court at Coventry, my Lord of Winchester, my Lord of Wells, the good Duke of Norfolk, and many other learned and virtuous prelates and noblemen held daily counsel with the King for the good government of the realm, and the advancement of commerce, and the arts of limning and music, and the writing of books. His gentle wisdom in all peaceful matters inspired so great love and admiration in all who approached him, that nothing would serve some of his friends but to obtain license to make pilgrimages in his

behalf to distant shrines. The noble Mowbray went to the holy city of Jerusalem, to pray at Christ's sepulchre for the complete recovery of his strength; and others to Rome and to Loreto. Then think again, and record it also, what labour was spent in the efforts to procure a reconciliation which should be lasting betwixt the inimical noblemen. I promise thee I was then almost as desirous of peace as the King, for the French and the Scotch were threatening our coasts; and albeit the abominable Yorkists slander me as being French at heart, there is not a greater falsehood in this world. I would fight for every inch of English ground, and shed my blood for this land. Often I knelt by the King's side, and prayed ardently that these strifes might be healed; but I could not end, like him, those prayers with the words, 'And if it please Thee, O Lord, to take the kingdom from me, Thy will be done.' I could not utter with my lips a prayer from the which my heart revolted. When he was made arbiter between his friends and foes, how he strove to adjust differences and to hold an equal balance between them, so as to soften resentments and to win them over to make peace! How he would charge the Mayor of London with 5000 armed citizens to watch during the conferences that no evil befell peaceable persons! When my Lord of Winchester went to Blackfriars to parley with the White Rose lords, how he would pray God to mend their hearts! And when he was to meet at Whitefriars the noble partisans of the Red Rose, with yet more fervent orisons besought the Lord Jesus to allay their anger. But sometimes he was sick at heart at the perverseness of some, the malice of others, and the profane lying and breaking of oaths he then witnessed. To see God so offended, verily smote him to the heart. One day, when he had striven in vain with a fruitless patience to obtain an honest compromise betwixt the rival lords, a great paleness overspread his cheek, and he said to the other councillors, 'My lords, do you go and consider these matters; I and my good chancellor will meanwhile offer our prayers together for the common weal.' And so he did, beseeching God to take mercy on his people."

"Ah, madame,"—I could not forbear to say this as I wrote those last sentences,—“this noble picture of a Christian king, doth it not cause one to worship so great virtue?”

"Yea, if virtue, which I grant you is as perfect as any on the earth, could prevail over malice and force, then indeed naught else could be desired, and we might well worship it. But, I pray you, when these pious souls had thus laboured for well-nigh three years; when at the last peace was signed and oaths of allegiance were renewed, even under the seal of the Blessed Sacrament solemnly received; and when to St. Paul's Church behind the King walked the Duke of York with me, Lord Salisbury with Somerset, Warwick with Exeter, hand-in-hand, whilst the people shouted in lame verse,

"Our sovereign lord God keep alway,
And the Queen and the Archbishop of Canterbury,
And others that have laboured to make this love-day,"—

think you that, save in a small number of noble breasts, hatred was

allayed? Think you that whilst tears of joy ran down the King's cheeks, and Bouchier and Waynfleet carried the cross with God-thanking hearts, that the dissimulating Yorkist traitors verily renounced their rebellious thoughts?"

"How did your majesty endure the touch of the Duke of York's hand?" I said, evading to answer her question.

She replied, "From my head to my feet there ran a shiver when he approached me, and I felt like to faint; but, as God hears me, I resolved to forgive him, and prayed for strength to do so. I dare not say the same of Warwick; I could not trust myself so much as to look on him. He hath done what, I ween, no woman can pardon,—blackened my fame, slandered mine honour. I never spoke to him at all that day. And now, Meg, set down, I pray thee, how, when a few brief days had passed, he accused me of falsehood, and thereupon raised a tumult in the City; and when some of the King's servants attacked his riotous retainers, pretended that was a plot for to kill him, and so lighted a flame which, I warrant you, shall not be extinguished till the last Yorkist is dead. The King fell ill with sorrow, and went to the Abbey of St. Albans. When he was somewhat recovered, we made a progress through the midland counties, and there one of those brief joys which have sometimes flashed on my dark days shone on us for a while. The noblemen of Worcestershire, Lancashire, and Cheshire, the gallant esquires and brave yeomen of those provinces, flocked around us with a love which reminded me of the worship of the Provençals in olden days. When I had Edward by my side, they fell at my feet. The King's piety they revered. They are not mean Lollards like many of the Londoners. They hung on my poor lips and wore Edward's badge; his little silver swans were on the breast and a red rose in the bonnet of every knight and every peasant. The women blest my boy, and the men cried, 'Long live the prince!' I pray thee write, that with a sense and wit beyond his years, he said agreeable words to everyone, and kissed his little hand, and smilingly held out his badge to those brave men, ten thousand of which wore his livery. O God, that thou shouldst have to chronicle that of these ten thousand gallant men three thousand were doomed to die on fatal Bloreheath! When I had ordered Lord Audley to intercept the hoary traitor Salisbury, and to bring him to me dead or alive, I would see the fight, and went to the tower of Muccleston Church to watch its course. This was the first time I had with mine own eyes beheld a battle. I had a fierce lesson, a fiery teaching in those terrible brief hours. I saw the wild charge, the rushing encounter of the two armies, the fatal shock when they met. Like unto a map the heath was spread before me. I traced every false move of our friends; I marked the overreaching skill of the veteran rebel; I saw our brave troops borne down, and Audley's vain labour to rally them. Mine eyes followed his banner, for well I knew that as long as he lived I should see it. Like one watching a vessel on a billowy ocean, I gazed on its rise and fall with an eager sick heart. As if bowing before the blast, it swayed to and fro; yet I kept it in sight. At last it sank and rose no more.

Then I was sure Audley was dead and the fight lost, and I fled to Eccleston Castle. Yea, I fled with an aching heart and passionate grief for the fallen, but with a new spirit within me. The blood of Charlemagne and a whole race of heroes was stirred in my veins that day, and through my brain there darted a quick sudden sense of warlike genius which could yet save a kingdom. All night, whilst tossing on my sleepless couch, I thought, 'If Joan of Arc rescued France from the lowest slough of despond by her inspired valliancy, shall not a wife, a mother, and a queen overcome in God's name a host of traitors?' The King was then so ill at Coleshill that, when his people were hastily removing him, he could only whisper in a low voice, 'Who hath got the day?' Salisbury had joined York, and no one spoke a word of hope to me. But in my heart its voice was loud and strong; and when once at Coventry I roused the courage of the loyal and shamed the cowardice of the weak. The King improved in health when restored to my care, and the love he always inspires rallied thousands again around us. It was then the impious Duke of York sought to rob me of that sacred shield. To his discomfiture he had discovered his own vassals to be more loyal to his master than he desired; and with devilish cunning in his camp at Ludgate he spread the report that King Henry was dead, and had a Mass performed—the sacrilegious wretch!—for the repose of his soul who was yet alive. O, this greatly moved my lord's anger. He exclaimed when it was told him, 'Forsooth, this is a wicked action, a grievous sin, thus to use God's great instrument of mercy to cloak malicious deceit!' and this audacious impiety was more displeasing to him than any of the Duke's treasons. Being then privy to the loyal leanings in his army, I caused the King's pardon to be proclaimed to all insurgents, and advanced with him nigh to the very gates of Ludlow, the head-quarters of the arch traitor. The rebel chiefs, thinking he would as lief give away his kingdom as risk the slaughter of his subjects, essayed to play the same game as heretofore, and sent messages of submission to the King. But by prayers, remonstrances, and impetuous urgency, I that time obtained that he should be firm and refuse to treat with the leaders, the while he renewed offers of pardon to their followers. Then the rebel army melted away like snow in a sudden thaw; then rightful submissions ensued without number. York fled to Ireland; Salisbury, Warwick, and March to Calais. The Duchess of York and her young children alone remained in Ludlow, which surrendered and was razed to the ground by my commands. I said to Dame Cicely, 'Your grace's husband hath abandoned you to the King's tender mercies.' With tears in her eyes, she replied, 'If they be the King's mercies, then I know they shall be tender.' 'Yea,' I cried, 'you will find him a better lord to you, Dame Cicely, than some of your own kith.' When Edward heard that these young Mortimers were prisoners, he gathered all his playthings in a heap, and nothing would serve him but to send them to these childish traitors. And he said to his tutor, 'I pray you, good Sir John, is Anne Neville a prisoner also?' When he heard she was at Calais, then quoth he, 'I will send her

one of my swans, and it shall sail over the sea and carry love-tokens to and fro."

"O madame," I cried, "the prince hath a most loving, sweet disposition. Methinks I would fain write his history from his early years when yours is finished."

"When I am dead, Meg?" she asked, smiling.

"Nay, madame, but when you are peacefully seated on the throne."

"Yea, yea," she said; "and then thou shalt chronicle that he reaped in joy what his mother sowed in tears."

CHAPTER XXVI.

EVIL TIDINGS.

WHEN the Queen sent for me on the morrow she thus addressed me:

"Of the reverses which ensued in that year wherein the great triumph was achieved, touching which we wrote yestereve, I am not willing to speak at length. Thou rememberest as well as I do what took place when Warwick returned from Calais with fresh-raised troops, and York's son marched against our army at Northampton. Would I had been on the field that day! That bold March would, peradventure, then have found his match in the Queen which held him on her knees at Mantes when his false father professed so great loyalty to the King. But a weakness came over my heart on the battle's eve—a woman's terror. I could not part with my son. O, God only knoweth the daily anguish of fear with which I watch over that life,—the hope, the joy, the worship of mine own. Thou canst describe—for thine eyes saw it—the spot where we stood near the field, and how messages went to and fro betwixt me and Buckingham and good loyal John Talbot, who were soon to die fighting for us. It should not thus have been; it would not thus have been but for that hellish traitor Grey de Ruthyn! May his name be by all men in all times abhorred, and his death be as miserable as his life!"

I dared not to write this imprecation. Her majesty noticed the staying of my pen, and, snatching it from me, wrote herself these words:

"I, Margaret the Queen, do declare that man to be accursed and hateful to God and to men, who by a deceitful treachery caused ten thousand loyal Englishmen to be slain or drowned, and his king to be left all lonely and disconsolate on the bloody field, and then taken captive. If there is justice on earth or in heaven, that traitor shall perish miserably, and hardly save his soul."

Then she pushed back the book towards me, and her bosom heaved like a stormy sea. After a pause, I timidly said, "And you fled with the prince, madame, from that fatal spot?"

"Ah, when I snatched him up in my arms and mounted with him the horse Jasper brought unto us, all was swallowed up in the fear of losing him. God forgive me that I thought less of my lord the King than of my son. What a flight that was! How full of

hairbreadth escapes! One of the worst moments I have yet known was when, between Eggheshall and Chester, we were surprised by those ruffianly servants of Sir William Stanley's; they were very near killing us."

"Methinks," I said, "they would have done so, if your majesty, after they had taken all your clothes and jewels, had not bethought yourself to present that sole diamond ring they had not seen to John Cleger,—for so I have heard the villain is named,—and thus thrown a discord into that vile company which favoured our escape."

"Yea, God sent that thought into my mind after a brief desperate prayer for help. But was it not like unto a horrible nightmare when we ran into that close wood, and the sound of those disputing voices still reached our ears? God bless thee for the bravery thou didst then evince, good Meg! Mine forsook me when Edward began to cry. Then it seemed to me as if I must despair. I said this aloud in my anguish, and then he put his lips to mine ear and whispered: 'I will not cry nor make a noise, sweet mother. If those fierce men kill us, we shall go to the good God in heaven, and be happy.' I was in no mood to think of heaven then, and his words affrighted me; for if Edward died, he would go straight to Paradise, and I—O, worse than one of Dante's invented torments is the thought of life in this world or the next without him! Sometimes a horrible feeling comes over me that I shall be lost, and I see at night, as in a vision, the heavenly visage of my King and the angel face of Edward gazing on me in a sorrowful manner, and I wake in terror."

I knew that the Queen of late, by reason of her unsettled life and other causes also, had seldom sought the benefits of shrift; and I had the boldness to say, "Your majesty, peradventure, would find ghostly comfort in more frequent confession. Shrift drives away thoughts of despair."

"Shrift!" she impatiently exclaimed; "let those seek it who are angels or saints."

"Nay, madame, it is the Sacrament for sinners," I answered with simplicity.

"If to pardon traitors and renounce just revenge is the condition without which shrift cannot be obtained, how can I seek it?"

"Madame, lawful justice may be pursued, and punishment inflicted on rebels without sin or offence, if only hatred is not cherished."

"I can in no wise forgive them," she said gloomily; and then dismissed me.

"God help him, poor king!" were the words which passed the white lips of the Queen when, some time afterwards, she received tidings which at first she would not credit, but in the end proved to be true, that his majesty had surrendered the rights of his son, and yielded that the Duke of York should be named his successor. She was commanded in his name to return to London with the prince, on pain of high treason. First a fearful smile curled her lip, then tears moistened her eyes and slowly rolled down her cheeks. She was never so beautiful or so majestic as when by a mighty effort she reined-in vehement emotion. One look she cast on the prince at play, and one to Heaven, as if mutely appealing to God, but not one

other angry word did she utter. But in the evening she called together the small band of her friends at Harlech, and thus addressed them: "My lords, and you all which are my good friends, list to me, a very afflicted woman and queen. The King, my entirely loved husband, hath disinherited his son and mine,—this boy, whom you do all look on as your future sovereign,—and yielded his rights to the Duke of York."

A murmur rose amongst those present, which, in the noblest manner imaginable, she hushed by the motion of her hand and the glance of her eye.

"Believe me, my lords and sirs, he loveth his son not the less that he hath by this act deprived him of the crown. He deems that little circlet a heavy curse and snare for the wearer, and for one not yet anointed king by a divine consecration the loss of it a good. So, working craftily for their own ends on his religious mind, these cunning men have drawn him into their nets and forced his acquiescence. But God hath given me other thoughts and another heart in this regard; and, albeit poor, unaided, and unarmed, a woman not wholly friendless, I thank God, whilst you live, who now stand round me, I will yet place this boy on the throne, where he shall reign a fourth Edward, and a more noble one than hath yet ruled this land."

Then, deep from the hearts of all those men, there rose a shout which reëchoed through the rocky glen of Harlech, and in the breasts of a brave people. This patience of the Queen towards the King in passages of their lives wherein she endured much suffering at his innocent unwitting hands had something almost beyond nature in one so vehement. Methinks his constant virtue, which never forsook him in any straits, filled her with a spiritual reverence which subdued all resentments. She looked on him as on one above humanity, and not to be judged by common rules; and this infuriated her the more against her enemies. On the evening of that day she led me to the side of the prince's bed, where he was asleep, and whispered in mine ear: "This hath been the keenest stab my heart hath yet received. Those detested wretches with a wise malice made use of a loved hand to pierce me. But they shall not long triumph. To London verily! Into their hands! into their net! Nay, nay, they count without their host. Little do they know yet of Margaret of Anjou! The Duke of York shall yet madly curse the day he broke a mother's heart. Farewell, Wales! farewell, inaction! Mary of Gueldres is my kinswoman; and Scotland's hills shall be those, in the words of the Psalms, whence will come my help!"

On the next day she embarked on the Menai, amidst the tears of women, the speeding songs of the bards, and the deep-hearted blessings of the noble Welsh.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PAGES FROM THE QUEEN'S JOURNAL.

I AM alone to-night. I would not keep with me even Margaret de Roos; and mine own hand shall record the glorious, horrible, triumphant

phant haps of this day. O my husband! my sweet, injured, patient, long-suffering king! thou art at last avenged! The scale hath turned—the pined-for hour arrived. I have been for many days in a fever of mind and body which forbade rest. Each hour of the march from Scotland seemed an age, but each of those hours brought me fresh strength, for the nobles of the north gathered round my standard, and my brave army swelled like a mountain torrent. The fire in my breast inflamed all who approached me. The resistless justice of my cause, my boy's noble beauty, the words which fell from my lips like sparks on inflammable hearts, kindled a flame which, when once it is lighted, nothing can tame. Providence must needs have had profound designs when it made me the wife of holy Henry. O most sweet saint! God, who gifted thee with heavenly virtues, and ordained that thou shouldst live on earth a disguised angel, banished from thy true home, has called me to be the human, passionate, revenging champion of thy righteous cause, and nerved my woman's heart to do deeds and to see sights which now in the dark and lonely nights affright me. Yet I will relate them; for if I am to conquer others, I must needs conquer myself, nor falter one instant in the onward path. I once heard of a boatman at sea whose bark caught fire. He left not the helm though the flames were scorching him, and steered the vessel into port. This I think to be a type of my course. Only, God send the haven may soon be reached!

The time which hath passed since we came to York is like a dream, marvellous, incredible, and brief. Ah, the fugitive Queen took her foes by surprise! The while they were framing bills of attainder, forsooth, against her, and were ignorant she had yet crossed the Border, behold she was at the gates of York, of the old city,—too good a one to give its name to a traitor,—and calling on her followers to advance to London and rescue the King. But on Christmas-eve Lady Gray, who was then at Groby, sent me a messenger to say the Protector—God save the mark!—was at his castle of Sandal, and would there wait the coming of his son with the Border forces. I received her letter as I was going into the chapel at Wakefield for midnight Mass. The beating of my heart was so violent, I could hear its pulsations as I leant against my *prie-dieu*. The singing of the “Gloria in excelsis” made my bosom swell with a good presentiment, for the glory of God is the triumph of His justice; and if there be on earth one man of perfect good-will towards all others, it is my lord for whom I fight.

On the morrow I rode full nigh to the gates of Sandal Castle to provoke false York to issue forth and give me battle; for delay to us was fatal. Day after day I sent heralds to beard and defy the traitor, each time with more galling words than the last. Lady Gray paid him a visit, for she had always been much esteemed by him; and she reported that he was almost beside himself at these taunts, and would not long withstand being braved by a woman. This Isabel Gray hath a most rare talent,—the only one I can see in her—of concealing her thinking without the utterance of an untrue

speech. She is, I am assured, as well as her mother the duchess, very heartily devoted to my person, and as loyal as anyone in this England to the King ; but she can see the most inimical persons of all sorts, and is considered by them in an incredible manner, which is procured, I think, by her trick of silence and the beauty of her face, which charms beholders, and yet never by so much as a change of colour or the wink of an eye betrays her thoughts, or the least inward emotion. Be that as it may, she related to me what a friend of that arch traitor's had told her : how his old servant, Sir Davy Hall, had prayed him to abstain from coming forth to give me battle, but rather to keep within the castle and defend it till the arrival of his son. And that he had replied, " Ah, Davy, Davy ! hast thou loved me so long, and wouldst thou have me dishonoured ? Thou never sawest me keep fortress when I was Regent in Normandy, where the Dauphin himself with his puissance came to besiege me ; but like a man, and not like a bird cooped in a cage, I issued and fought with mine enemies—to their loss ever, I thank God ; and if I have not kept myself within walls for fear of a great strong prince, nor hid my face from any man living, wouldst thou that I for dread of a scolding woman, whose weapons are only her tongue and nails, should incarcerate myself and shut my gates ? Then all men might of me wonder and report that a woman hath made me a dastard whom no man could ever prove to be a coward."

O York, York ! where are the boasting lips which uttered these proud words ? A woman hath made thee a mock, a derision, a thing for the finger of scorn to point at, and the very birds of the air to flout as they fly by. O doomed man, graceless rebel, unnatural kinsman, thine hour was come ; the cup of thine iniquities full to the brim ! And when thou didst dare with impious pride to advance thy shameful banner in the most holy name of God and of St. George, then thy guardian angel fled affrighted, and the Holy Trinity forsook thee.

This morn I thus marshalled my forces : with Somerset I commanded the centre—Lord Clifford being ambushed in a wood on the right side, and Lord Wiltshire on the left. Ah, the joy, the wild expectancy, the tumult of the heart, veiled under a motionless attitude, with which I beheld the Yorkists issue from the castle-gate of Sandal and descend towards us ! It was but a short time before they reached the plain, but it seemed like an age. I discerned York riding in front ; an instant after, the fighting began. I would fain have dashed into the *mêlée*, but was restrained. Our ambushed troops, like cataracts falling into a torrent, joined the vanguard, and as fishes in a net or deer in a buckstall, the enemies were surrounded, closed, hemmed in. All was noise, shrieking, confusion ; and in one half-hour louder than all other sounds rose the cry of victory—" A Lancaster ! a Lancaster ! Long live the Red Rose !"

I stood on the field of battle, trembling, burning, exulting with a feverish joy ; the cries of those around me resounding like clarions in mine ears : " They are flying ! They are slain by thousands ! The day is won ! The kingdom saved ! Long live the King ! Long

live the Queen! Long live the Prince!" I know not how long these deafening shouts, this frantic rejoicing lasted. I held no count of time. I had dismounted, and was leaning on the arm of Isabel Butler, when I saw one riding towards me at full speed with something in his hand. In another moment Lord Clifford was kneeling at my feet; and as he said, "Madame, your war is done; here is your King's ransom," mine eyes fell on the thing in his hand, and I saw, O God, that once familiar face, those well-known features, fixed in death, and the blood-stained hair by which the head was held. A deadly sickness seized me; I felt the blood forsaking my cheeks, my limbs giving way, and I covered my eyes with my hand. Many voices shouted: "Look, madame, look!" and one added, "At this king without a kingdom;" and another, "At this rival of our noble sovereign;" and then I heard them say, "O, he shall have a crown;" and "Crown him, Clifford, crown him;" which was followed by bursts of laughter. I glanced at the gory head, and saw it surmounted with a paper coronet, and a horrible contagious uncontrollable fit of convulsive laughter shook me from head to foot.

"What shall be done, madame, with the traitor's head?" Somerset asked.

"Fix it on the gates of York," I cried, willing to be relieved from the ghastly sight.

"Lord Clifford hath made sharp work of it to-day," Isabel Butler exclaimed. "He says he has slain young Rutland on Wakefield-bridge as he was escaping with his tutor."

"Not the boy?" I cried. "O, Lord Clifford, you did not kill the boy?" Then I saw on his grim visage a look which affrighted me.

"Madame," he cried, "when my aged father was slain in cold blood by the Yorkists at St. Albans, I swore never to spare one of their accursed race. I looked for praise from your majesty this day, rather than for those reproachful glances. If you play the woman, not the queen, we may as lief disband our forces and sue for pardon to the Earl of March."

A murmur rose among the lords, and the fear seized me that I had angered my friends; and when the Duke of Somerset and the other peers came to ask what I commanded to be done with Lord Salisbury, who was taken prisoner, and I saw they would not be denied his head, I straitway ordered him to be executed, and his head placed by the side of that of York; and to please them, I cried that space should be left betwixt these two for those of the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of March, which I intended should soon be added to them. Loud applauding shouts followed this speech, and then I felt almost mad for a while and as if my brain was on fire. I longed to be alone, to kneel down, to weep, to pray. O my God, Thou knowest I would not willingly do a false or unjust action; Thou knowest I would lay mine own head on the block sooner than shed the blood of an innocent person. Lay not to my charge, O Lord, that which has flowed to-day in the just quarrel of the King by Thee ordained. O, I would fain Clifford had

not slain young Rutland! If ever a man was justly sentenced to death on this earth, Salisbury is that man, and I fear not to meet him at the day of judgment, if a thousand times I had doomed him to death. But that fair boy, Dame Cicely's young son! To-morrow, I ween, she will hear of his death. God help her! How could Clifford do it! How is it possible a man can kill a boy of twelve years of age! When I went into Edward's chamber and knelt by his bedside, a dreadful thought came to me that the Duchess of York would curse her son's murderers, and that this curse would cleave to me, albeit Thou knowest, O Lord, I am not guilty of this hap. I wondered where Clifford had stabbed him; and if he had died at once, or cast a piteous look on his destroyer. And then mine eyes became dim with tears, and I thought I saw blood streaming from Edward's bosom on to the white sheet, and screamed in an agony. He opened his sleepy eyes on me, and smiled. O Dame Cicely! Dame Cicely! you will never more see *your* boy smile! But curse your treacherous husband; curse the day he became a rebel and a traitor; curse Clifford, if you will. O, how I should curse him in your place! But curse not me; curse Warwick who slew Clifford's aged father; curse all those who began these dreadful wars. Good heavens! under what star was I born that strife and bloodshed dog my footsteps?

St. Alban's Abbey, February 1461.

God knoweth I have suffered more than most women; but hath any woman or queen in ancient or in modern times been more blest than I to-day? Can a more rapturous hour be thought of than that in which I fell first in the arms of my husband, and then at his feet to beseech him to knight our gallant little son, who through all the fierce conflict in St. Peter's-lane never left my side, and while a shower of blinding arrows assailed us, cried aloud in his childish clear voice, "Forward, sweet mother, forward!" and brandished his little sword with as great an unconcern of danger as if he had been at play with his companions. Heavens, in how desperate a manner both sides fought! But Warwick's Londoners could not withstand our northern troops, which poured in upon them like an avalanche, while Lovelace with his city bands attacked them in the rear. When the light declined, the Yorkists fled on every side, and I cried, "To London! to London!" for there I thought to find the King, and the while he was at hand in his lone unguarded tent, abandoned by the disbanded traitors. His good servant Howe ran to tell Lord Clifford, who fetched me to him. Wild with joy, I flew to my husband. O God, there are instants which repay whole years of suffering! When my head sank on his breast, and I heard his low gentle voice utter my name in grateful amazement, I could have wished to die before I raised it again. O, what noble thanks he gave me! and how fervently he blest the child which had so royally won his spurs, and knighted him on the spot, with Lord Shrewsbury, Lord John de Roos, and thirty more of my brave followers! Then we went to the abbey to praise God; and the prior and the monks met us, chanting thanksgiving hymns for the King's deliverance. I

would not have dispensed with one of the pangs of this last year, since they have wrought this glorious ending.

The King hath been kept in so great ignorance of state affairs in his captivity, that he cannot conceive the stern necessities of justice. He made a rash promise that the lives of Lord Bonville and Sir Thomas Kyriel should be spared, because they protected him in the rout; but they are nevertheless very malicious rebels, and the lords on our side, whose brothers and sons were villanously murdered at Mortimer's Cross by the new Duke of York, will revolt, if mercy is extended to these men. His own brothers, Edmund and Jasper Tudor, are wild to be revenged on the Yorkists for the beheading of their brave father. Rebellion must be crushed, or else victories are vain. The Duke of Somerset hath my orders to act with vigour, and I have despatched Lord Scales to London to command the citizens forthwith to send provisions for my army. The Lord Mayor is my very good friend, and I have charged him to execute this order without delay.

Heavens! are these Londoners weary of their lives, that they audaciously brave me in this wise? But if they reck not of their mean existences, they can be touched in their possessions, which are like to be yet dearer to them. The Commons have dared to seize on the cartloads of Lenten fare which the Mayor had procured for my troops, because forsooth there was a rumour that Warwick had joined York, and was marching towards the City. We shall see which of the White or the Red Rose shall reach it first! I have licensed my loyal northerners to plunder as they list this rebellious county, and to sack London when they come there.

This morn nothing will serve the Duchess of Bedford and Lady Scales and Lady Gray but that I should admit to a private audience the Mayor of London, who hath come to sue for a withdrawal of the license to my troops to plunder London and its neighbourhood. I would not listen to the duchess or Isminia Scales; but when Isabel Gray brought a message to the same effect from her brave lord, who is, I fear, in a dying condition,—albeit I hope in God he may yet amend of his wounds,—I was forced to yield.

I, Margaret de Roos, by the Queen's commands, take up the pen she is loth to use any more to-night; for her grace is most discomposed and quite overwhelmed with trouble. The Mayor of London saw her at noon, and, with tears in his eyes, assured her majesty all was lost if she withdrew not the said license.

"On one condition only will I recall it," she cried: "Let the gates of London be thrown open to me and to mine army."

"Alas, madame," he replied, "fain would I on my knees receive your majesty into the City; but—O, pardon me that I must needs utter an unpalatable truth—save your grace's poor servant, there is not one man of note amongst the citizens that will consent to it. They are all Yorkists in their hearts."

"Then," she passionately exclaimed, "they merit the worst fate a lawless soldiery can inflict upon them; and I vow they shall suffer it."

He urged and reasoned, but she would not hear; and when the argument was most hot, the door of her chamber slowly opened.

"Who darest to come unbidden into my presence?" she cried; but turning, saw it was the King, who looked very pale, and walked feebly, as one in pain.

"Madame, for Jesus' sake," he said, "stay the fury of your soldiers. Forsooth and forsooth you do not well to let loose the rage of covetous men on my people. They have now fallen also on God's house; the fair abbey is in their ruthless hands. God send you may be able to lay the storm you have raised!"

Then he fainted away. The Queen clasped him in her arms with an imploring countenance, and summoned his attendants.

She hath been riding all day, from one place to another, to stay the pillage. The abbey is sacked; the mischief, if checked in one place, bursts out in another, as when men seek to extinguish fire in a building—here it subsides, there it breaks forth anew. And ill news are pouring in. The Lord Gray is dead. Most of the towns and villages betwixt this and London have raised the standard of York. The Earl of March is drawing nigh to the city-gates. Provisions are lacking. The troops murmur. There is a report that their majesties will depart this night for the north, and the army retreat thitherward also. God send this may not be true. I have seen Lady Gray for one moment—a most disconsolate mourner. She is gone to her mother's house at Grafton with her two babes.

In an hour I go with the King and the Queen and the Prince from hence to York. Nothing is lost, the Queen says. Somerset and Clifford will follow them there with sixty thousand men at the least.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MEETING WITH OLD FRIENDS.

A LETTER from the Lady Margaret de Roos to Mistress Elisabeth Clere:

"Nantes, the 7th of May 1462.

"MY WELL-BELOVED DAME ELISABETH,—I little thought to have seen Brittany, this land whither in past years my fancy so often travelled, and which never-dying memories hallowed to my poor heart. When the Queen asked me in Scotland if I would cross the seas with her, I answered 'Yea, I would;' for I would follow her whithersoever she went—to the ends of the earth if need be.' She had not then one groat in her purse, but Monsieur Duluc, to whom in her young days she had rendered an important service at Nancy, and who is now a rich trader betwixt Scotland and the Low Countries, procured her a well-fitted ship, and lent her money for the voyage. She could not stay at Kircudbright, for the envoy of the usurper was expected at Dumfries, report said, to propose a marriage between

his so-called King and the Scottish Queen, which is an almost incredible thing, seeing she hath so lately betrothed her young daughter to the Prince of Wales, and did excellently well entertain their majesties since they came into her son's kingdom from Alnwick, after the fatal battle of Towton and the crowning in London of the Earl of March. I ween the Duke of Somerset's ill conduct to that Queen, in that he boasted to the King of France of the favour she had showed him, which was reported to her and incensed her not a little, wrought this change. Ah me! those Beauforts have, and I fear ever will ruin the royal cause. The King hath gone into Westmoreland, into a friendly place of concealment; and the Queen is resolved to see her cousin-german, the King Lewis; for she has had letters from Dieppe, which to her no small grief have advertised her of the death of her uncle, King Charles, and that his son, the present king, is not so well disposed towards her majesty by a great deal as was his father; by the same token that he caused Lord Somerset to be arrested in that city, where he landed in the disguise of a merchant, and confined in the castle of Arques, whence he has been only released at the instance of the young Count of Charolais, to whom she wrote. But if she can have speech of King Lewis, then, she says, all will be well, and for that end we are on the way to his court. And now, having related to thee, well-beloved friend, the events which led to my coming hither, I will now speak of our arrival at this town of Nantes, the capital of Brittany, and of the good cheer which the young duke hath made to our sovereign lady the Queen in this her forlorn estate. He was the Count d'Etampes till his uncles all died without children, and as gay and gallant a young prince as can be met with. He is married to the Lady Margaret of Foix, a princess in great renown of virtue, and almost as charitable towards the poor as her kinswoman Madame Françoise d'Amboise, the widow of the Duke Pierre. When the common people see these two royal ladies, who are close friends and companions, issue together from the palace with their hands laden with provisions, which they carry to the lepers' house, and to sick persons in the town, it is their wont to smile and say, 'There go our duchesses a-pleasuring.' And now whom thinkest thou I have seen in this city at the convent of the Poor Clares, whither the ladies of the court directed me? Who but Jeanne de Kersabiec, mine own old loved friend of bygone days. O, with what joy we met, and how great a contentment we found in conversing together after so long a separation and such great and various haps! After many mutual questionings about the past, before parting we exchanged a pledge which, I pray God, I may observe as religiously as Jeanne will surely do. As life had in its outset only one aim for us both, and hath left us one common tender memory daily remembered in our prayers, so we have now resolved to leave no virtue unattempted, no perfection unsought, which we have heard or read of in the lives of holy persons—she in the cloister, and I in the world; she like Anna in the Temple, in long fastings and prayers, I on the stormy sea of a most tempest-tossed existence; she serving God by a direct consecration, I my sovereign lady the Queen, not with a

yain human worship, but as ordained by Him to be my mistress. When we had made this promise to each other we parted; not embracing, for that the grate betwixt us forbade, but with hearts close meeting in that resolve, and so great a comfort in our souls, if I judge of hers by mine own, that nothing can exceed it. No, nothing more sweet could have befallen me in the midst of my trials than this brief sight of Jeanne, the Poor Clare. When I waited on the Queen at my return, she told me she had seen the Duke of Brittany, and that he had been a very good kinsman to her, and made her a gift of twelve thousand crowns. I almost leapt for joy at this news, for our necessities were great indeed. Straightway her majesty commanded me to despatch sums out of this money to the most needy of her friends. Little, indeed, did she retain for her own use. 'Madame,' I said, 'if you hope to receive a like bounty from your cousin-german King Lewis, if I am to credit what I hear, you are greatly deceived. She said she would not forecast the future, but that when she heard of a nobleman like the Duke of Exeter, compelled by hunger in the Low Countries to beg for bread, running after the Comte de Charolais's coach, who to his sorrowful amazement discovered him, she could not choose but share with her brave suffering followers what God's providence had sent her. As she was thus discoursing, one of her suite came to tell her that the Sieur Guy de Laval, her stepmother's brother, and Madame de Dinant, his wife, desired to visit her. 'Ah, let them come,' she exclaimed; 'they are thrice welcome;' and when they came in she tenderly embraced them. I could not take my eyes off this young princess, for she had been Monseigneur Gilles' little wife; and whilst she and her husband conversed with the Queen, I sat with her lady, Madame Anne de Coetlogon, who is cousin to Jeanne and like her in face and in voice. She told me Madame Françoise de Dinant had been married for some time to the Sieur de Laval. When she heard Monseigneur Gilles was dead, she cried very much, and said she should live and die a widow. But as she was then only eleven years of age, it was not to be thought of. And the Duke Pierre and his wife Madame Françoise, for the great fear they had that Artur de Montauban should renew his suit with the aid of powerful friends, made her sign a promise to wed in two years the Sieur de Gavres, Monseigneur Guy de Laval's son, who would then be fifteen. 'And wherefore,' I asked, 'did not that marriage come to pass?' Madame de Coetlogon smiled and replied: 'When the time for this union arrived, monseigneur brought his son one day to see madame. The Sieur de Gavres never spake so much as one word to her, but watched a bird in a cage on the window-sill. Monseigneur his father conversed with madame all the time they stayed; and she answered him with so great wit and modesty, that he seemed amazed to find in so young a princess so much excellence and good parts beyond her years. When he rose to retire, he took her hand and said, looking at his son, 'Madame, I am of opinion that my son will be the happiest person in the world when he is your husband.' 'Nay, monseigneur,' madame answered agreeably, the

colour rising in her cheeks, 'methinks I will send that bird to the Sieur de Gavres, for it will, I ween, give him more pleasure than anything else in the world.' 'Madame, pardon his silence,' the count replied; 'he is young, and youth is not always allied with maturity of mind like in yourself.' The second time the little bridegroom came to see madame, he had his governor with him, and then he talked to her a great deal. But it was all touching his dogs, and his new horse, and the feeding of his hawks; and when he went away, 'My father,' quoth he, 'charged me to converse with you, madame: methinks I have fulfilled his behest, and can now go play at barre with my friends.' That evening madame lay abed a little indisposed. She had been sad all day; and when the Duchess Françoise came to see her, she threw her arms about her neck and said, 'I am not of good cheer, sweet godmother.' 'What aileth you, my child?' quoth the duchess. 'I would fain not marry the Sieur de Gavres,' she replied; 'for I had once a husband who, albeit I was so little, loved me, and I did all he told me; but this one is a child, and careth only for dogs, horses, and birds, and not at all for me.' Then the duchess sighed, for a promise had been given, and the Sieur de Laval was a lord of so great puissance that to break troth with him was not to be thought of. So she sat silently awhile by madame's side praying, I think; for this was her wont when in any trouble. Madame de Dinant soon sat up in her bed, and said, 'I would the Sieur de Gavres was as old as his father, and like him too. Then I should be happy; for he is a very good lord to me, and he would call me his little wife, like the good prince my husband used to do.' 'But he is forty years of age, and you only thirteen,' the duchess said. 'Yea, and if he was sixty, I should be glad to be his wife if he would have me,' madame answered. The duchess bade her lie still and say her prayers, and she would see her again on the morrow. When she did, 'I pray you,' quoth she, 'madame, my little sister, are you of the same mind as yestereve, and will you be the wife of Monseigneur Guy de Laval, who should be a better shield for your youth and a more safe protector than a young man of his son's years?' Madame well-nigh jumped for joy at this exchange, and then thanked God with all her heart. Nothing would satisfy her but to send her bird to the Sieur de Gavres; for, quoth she, 'I am now to be his mother, and I will be a very good one to him.' And so she has been, Madame de Roos; and the most loving, obedient wife imaginable to monseigneur his father. But she has told me that the first time after she was married, when he tenderly called her his little wife, she could not restrain her tears; for she thought of her first husband, for whom, with a singular constancy of affection in a child, she always retained a fond remembrance.

"I thanked Madame de Coetlogon for this little history, which moved me to a yet greater interest in this noble lady, and I was right glad to kiss her hand when she departed. She little thought, as I pressed my lips upon her glove, how tender a heart I bore towards her.

"When the Queen was alone with me, she said: 'What strange

vicissitudes life presents, and mostly for royal persons! These kinsfolk of mine have related to me to-day the adventures which have lately befallen the holy widow of the Duke Pierre, here in this very city, but a short time ago. She is reputed a saint. I remember when I was a little child, the good Théophanie, my nurse, was wont to set her before me as a model. Hast heard much about her, Meg? I answered that from Jeanne and others I had heard much of her virtues, which exceeded all praise, and mostly of her singular patience, when for a time her husband, who by nature was violent and fierce, conceived a most groundless and abominable jealousy, which led him to ill-use and maltreat her in a most cruel manner, so that she nearly died of his ill-usage. And never, as long as this persecution lasted, did she open her lips, save to pray for this hard lord and to bless God for her many sufferings. At the last, the duke came to his senses when he was like to lose her; and then his eyes being opened, he hated himself, and falling on his knees by her bedside besought her pardon. This was her answer, which drew tears from all who heard it: 'My lord, my good friend, I forgive you with all my heart. Do not weep; for this ill-thinking came not from yourself but from the devil, who is envious and not ashamed to sow discord and evils, for this is his office to prevent good and work us harm. I assure you, my lord, my friend, that I, your little servant, have never with so much as a thought transgressed my duty to you. So I beseech you think no more ill of me, for verily you have no cause.' Then she recovered; and Jeanne says they both served God together for many years in exceeding great peace and piety, and that the years they reigned were the most happy this people have known. But that good prince wore a hair-shirt all his days, and performed many penances till he died, because of his bad usage of this virtuous lady. Then the Queen said: 'Her patience is the more admirable that she hath shown herself one of the most wilful princesses in the world since her husband's death.' 'Truly,' I answered, 'this amazes me; for Jeanne told me that in the convent where she is now a novice, she is so obedient, that to the least order given her she submits, and if she thinks in the least point to have offended, kneels down like a little child to ask forgiveness.' 'Ah,' quoth the Queen, with one of her old bright smiles, 'but she hath for all that fought and won a battle most arduous, and defeated the King of France himself.' 'What, King Lewis?' I exclaimed. 'Yea, King Lewis and the Duke of Brittany and the Comte de Thouars, her father, and the Maréchal de Montauban, Artur's brother, and as many more puissant princes and lords. This is the story which Guy de Laval and his wife related to me. The day her husband died, this princess made a vow that she would never marry again, but live and die a perfect widow, and serve God in some austere religion when she had opportunity. This vow greatly displeased her father, M. de Thouars, who would have her marry again for his convenience; and the Duke of Brittany was loth she should go into religion; for albeit a gay prince himself, he wished her to continue in his court, for he and his wife did very much esteem and love her, and were displeased she should

think of leaving them; so he bade her think no more on it, for he would never give his consent. But nothing moved this widow. She bided her time; and one day in the parish church of Pleherlin, in a loud voice, in presence of all the people, she renewed her vow before she received the Body of our Lord, to the no small affright of her ladies, and even her confessor. For now the king of the French people, moved by the Vicomte de Thouars, desired that she should wed his own brother-in-law, the Count Lewis of Savoy, and then M. de Thouars would disinherit his eldest daughter, and bequeath all his havings and lands to the Duchess Françoise. So the Sieur de Montauban, her uncle, came with this message to the lady; but none other answer had he than this: 'Mine uncle, God save the king, and my lord my father and all my friends! I was glad when you came, but now I am not rejoiced thereat, for what you have told me breaks my heart. Howsoever, to cut long speeches short, know that I will not marry, and nothing shall shake this my resolve.' There was a round speech, Meg! This princess had not lived so long in Brittany for nothing.' 'Madame,' I said, 'had your majesty been in her case, methinks you would have spoken with equal resolution.' 'Well, they said the sieur was taken aback with this straight reply, and left the duchess's chamber without uttering one word, or so much as a leave-taking or obeisance. But he went to seek her confessor, and threatened to cast him into the Loire, if he did not straightway reduce the lady to the king's obedience and her father's in this matter. But he got no satisfaction from the reverend man; for albeit he denied having moved the duchess to make this vow, now, quoth he, 'she has made it, I will in no wise forsake her highness or deny her spiritual consolation; and as to your threats, Monsieur le Maréchal, be assured I am ready to die for this cause.' Then the baffled ambassador was forced to vent his anger on the ladies of the duchess, and menaced to have them all beheaded and thrown into a ditch, if they dissuaded her not from her resolve. Loud were the tears and sobs of these poor damsels; but their mistress bade them be of good cheer, for that no harm should befall them, and yet she should never break her vow nor marry any man, if the whole world were to exhort her to it. Her father, M. de Thouars, when he and his brothers had vainly sought to move this virtuously stubborn lady, then sued to King Lewis to reduce her to obedience. His majesty was coming on a pilgrimage to Redon, in Brittany. He is always very pious when he has some treachery in view;—God defend when I see him, I should find him on his knees! He had a quarrel then with the Duke of Brittany, but not an open one, and came into this country to stir up against him some of his nobles; so at least Guy de Laval says. He sent an order to the Duchess Françoise to meet him at Redon, there to do homage for her lands in Poitou. She at first refused; for it is not the custom for widows, she said, to be thus summoned; but being secretly warned that her castle would be invested and her person seized, she resolved to go to the king at once and bring the matter to an issue. She followed him from Redon to Nantes; and her servants having been bribed she was carried

unawares to a house outside the town, and locked up by them in her chamber. The fear she was in of being forced away to France made her so ill that they thought she would die, and in their affright they suffered her to escape from their hands. She walked straight to the gate of the town, for to go to our Lady's church to hear Mass; but one of her uncles met her, and cried in a rough voice, '*Halte là, madame !* whither are you going?' 'To church,' she said, 'to pray God to have mercy on me, since men have no pity.' 'No, forsooth, you shall not do so,' quoth the uncle; 'for the King is coming to see you.' 'Nay,' she replied, 'I know full well the King is not coming so soon but that I may first hear Mass, and pray at my husband's tomb.' And she would have passed on, but the enraged gentleman seized hold of her, and cried, 'Nay, you shall not go to the church; I arrest you in the King's name.' Then she, with a royal and womanly dignity, exclaimed, 'What! are you so bold as to lay hands on me, and in the city of Nantes? In whose name you do it, I shall soon learn;' and she bade one of her esquires go to the duke. But the while some of the common people had gathered together and seen M. de Beaubois insult his niece, whose name fled from mouth to mouth. Then, like one man, the inhabitants of Nantes arose to defend the holy duchess. The workmen, the shopmen, the artificers, the women, even the children, flocked around her, and the whole city rose in an uproar. Four thousand armed men in an instant formed her bodyguard, and with this escort she walked to the church with her eyes bent on the ground, the women kissing her black weeds and her long veil. She knelt at her husband's tomb and made her prayer, the populace on their knees outside the church in hushed silence guarding the door; and when she rose, with loud blessings hailing her, they would see her to her house, and only dispersed at her prayer, when the duke appeared at the window by her side. Then there came to her that day the King Lewis, and with many artful words invited her to his court, and right piously discoursed on the duty children owe to their parents, which methinks, Meg, in lou Daouphin's mouth, as they called him in Provence, must needs have been a very touching homily. Not one voice but that of the people was raised in her behalf. Not one kinsman took her part. Either through fear or interest or policy, they were all adverse or silent. I admire the baseness of men which would not fly in a battle, but have less courage than a woman to face the frowns of their superiors. Yet she stood her ground, and no otherwise would she say but that her vow she should keep, and die sooner than break it. At the last the duke quarrelled with the King, and his majesty departed ill-pleased from Nantes. Her father and her uncles would have carried her off by force to France, but the night when the boats they had hired were in the river, it suddenly froze so hard that their purpose was defeated. The duke, when he heard of this plot, was at the last aroused to anger, and drove these lords from Brittany. And now this brave and faithful woman, which I would to God I could have seen, hath fulfilled her vow, and serves God in the religion of Mount Carmel. Meg, there be many sorts of valiant

women in the world : there needeth force of heart to be a saint as well as a queen.' 'Only in the one case,' I answered, 'force is shown within as well as without. There are internal as well as external triumphs.' 'But I need all the force I have for action,' she cried. 'Should you have less of it, madame, if you conquered yourself first and others afterwards?' (I had become more bold since my pledge to Jeanne.) 'Yea, far less,' she replied; 'for to conquer self would be to forgive my foes; and if I detested them less, I should not go through fire and water to be avenged on them.' 'Would not love achieve greater triumphs than hatred?' 'No, no,' she passionately exclaimed; 'love would break my heart, not nerve it like hate. Love would drive me into a desert with my child, like another Hagar; but the thought of revenge is the spur which will regain a throne.' 'A throne, madame—a throne! Have you yet so great an esteem for that slippery seat?' 'Not now for mine own sake, Meg; God knoweth I care little now to be a queen; but He hath given me a son, the most royal in nature as in birth a mother has ever looked on, and I will have him a king or perish in the quarrel. Hast heard the Prince's last piece of wit?' 'Nay, madame; by your smile I see it hath pleased you.' 'Nay, it made me laugh at the time. Some one said 'Artur de Montauban is resolved to become a monk.' 'What that devil!' I cried; and then Edward said, 'Is he sick?' 'No,' I replied. 'O,' quoth he, 'I thought devils would be monks only when they were ill; for so saith the rhyme I learnt from the King of Scotland at Dumfries.' After a pause her majesty said: 'I wonder if the good matrons of Dumfermline persevere in the use of the needles I taught them to handle. There was not one woman in that town that could sew. They all had distaffs, but no needles; i'faith, Meg, some of the most peaceful hours I have spent were with those simple souls, teaching them this new cunning.' 'The children,' I said, 'laud your majesty in an uncouth rhyme. I hear they sing about the streets:

May God bless Margaret of Anjou;
For she taught our Dumfermline women to sew.'

'Talking of rhymes,' she replied, 'how truly doth the spirit of a people show itself in those artless ways! There is not a village in that England which for the nonce dares not wag a finger in our behalf, where the praises of my saintly King are not sung by pious souls in all sorts of rude verses. Before I left Scotland, at a time when for many long days a dead hardness had come over me, and not one tear had softened the arid soil of my heart, some one showed me a little distich of this sort, written by a poor blind poet. I promise you I wept when I read it more than at the most pathetic speeches of great persons. This was it:

I pray you, sirs, of your gentry
Sing this carol reverently,
For it is made of King Henry;
Great need have we for him to pray.

A Stormy Life.

If he fare well, well shall we be,
Or else we may lament full sorely.
For him shall weep full many an eye :
Thus prophesies the blind Audlay.

God bless the blind poet,' added the Queen, 'and all who love my holy King and pray for him!' O, I would fain her majesty could see the Duchess Françoise; for her soul is more inclined to godly thoughts and womanly tenderness than it hath been for a long time, and in that pious princess there is a virtuous boldness not dissimilar in its origin to her own courageous disposition, albeit otherwise schooled and directed. She might be turned by her gentle guidance from desperate courses of adventure, and more resigned to God's will in untoward events. But to-morrow we travel towards Chinon, and God knoweth what the upshot of that enterprise shall be. So fare thee well, sweet Elisabeth. Pray for the weal and worship of this noble Queen and her poor servant, thy loving friend,

" MARGARET DE ROOS."

Social Dangers.

THE old saying, that there is no Purgatory for a Frenchman, expresses pithily one of those features of the national character—or at all events, of the condition—of our nearest neighbours in which they are strongly contrasted with ourselves. England is the country in which gradations of opinion which in France would have only a hypothetical existence, are found sufficient to avert and retain for a length of time the ascending or descending progress of thought, and are actually made the foundations of practical life. England is the land of half measures, compromises, inconsistencies avowed and still persisted in on account of their convenience: and, in matters of opinion and belief, the conflict between the extremes of faith and scepticism, Catholicism and Atheism, is broken with us by the existence and energetic influence of almost every possible form of intermediate doctrine. It may even be said,—notwithstanding the rapid progress lately made by intellectual liberalism in the Anglican Establishment,—that, at the present moment, the prevalent feeling among Englishmen is still strong in favour of a kind of orthodoxy (as they understand it), and that we have not yet reached the point at which the unthinking numbers who find it to their interest to fall in with the fashion of the day, deem it the more advantageous course to give themselves out as unbelievers. In France, on the other hand, the actual divisions of intelligent men correspond far more closely with the logical alternatives open to strict reason. The wave of anti-religious and anti-Christian thought, on the crest of which Voltaire had the miserable fortune to ride, swept for a moment over the land in the triumph of the Great Revolution, and carried on into open and unshrinking infidelity the great number of timid and hesitating sceptics who would otherwise never have committed themselves but to half measures. In consequence of the great outward victory and temporary domination of the enemies of religion, accompanied as it was by the wildest license in manners, men became more anti-religious than they had been, and seemed to be more so than they were. To profess and maintain Christian belief, instead of being a convenience and a matter of credit, became even dangerous and heroic. On the other hand, the great mass of sound opinion and right faith, finding itself persecuted and proscribed, was roused to exertion, put on its mettle, and no longer sought for compromise. A vigorous war

began, and as it grew in extent and obstinacy there was soon no room left for loiterers between the contending ranks.

It can hardly be denied that the conflict has been maintained with great success on the part of the advocates of Catholicism. France has been the scene of a great religious reaction which is one of the most consoling facts of the nineteenth century. Even under very exceptional circumstances, which have thrown immense power into the hands of the Revolutionists, whose real object is the destruction of all religion, the Catholics of France have nevertheless exercised a very great influence on the policy of their country. That this should be so is a sufficient proof of the hold which religion maintains on the French people—a proof all the more striking when the other circumstances of the case are taken into consideration. At the present moment, this influence may appear to be set aside, or, for the moment, defeated. The instincts of both parties, of the defenders of faith as well as of its enemies, have led them naturally to make the continuance of the support openly given by France to the Temporal Power of the Pope the critical question on which the battle of the day is to turn. The French troops have been withdrawn from Rome, and so far the Revolution has overborne the influence of the Church in France. On the other hand, it is no secret that Rome is not yet abandoned to her enemies: Florence is kept in check by the fear of the punishment which might fall on her if she hastened on the long-planned catastrophe. It is not to be—or it is not to be yet. The enemies of religion are in the position of men balked by an unexpected obstacle of their long-coveted victory. Whether that victory will ever come, whether if it is to come, it will be as important in its results as they promise themselves, whether it will not be one of those victories which insure the destruction of the forces by which it is won, are questions on which we need not speculate at present. One thing is certain—that hopes and fears alike have been highly raised, and the excitement of the crisis has manifested itself in demonstrations of very different character on one side and on the other. On the part of the Catholics, the anxiety of the moment has shown itself in the numerous exhortations addressed to their flocks by the French Bishops, for the purpose of arousing them to intense and united activity in prayer for the protection of the Holy Father. On the other side, the demonstration has been equally characteristic. The infidel party have, of course, been straining every nerve for the accomplishment of their cherished objects, and it would seem that the apparent promise of success which they have lately received has set free their tongue from that amount of restraint to which they have been ordinarily subjected. This has been especially the case with

regard to Catholic writers who have pointed out the dangers to society which are involved in the progress of infidel opinions. It probably adds an agreeable zest to the matter that these writers are chiefly bishops. The anti-Catholic authors seem to smack their lips at the thought of tearing a bishop to pieces, in a way which reminds us of the old hag in Dr. Newman's *Callista* when she thought she had a chance of witnessing the torture and dismemberment of St. Cyprian. "Notre temps," says the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "offre en effet beaucoup de symptômes qui ne sont guère rassurants pour l'avenir; mais, si nous avions à les classer, ce n'est ni Garibaldi, ni le positivisme, ni M. Renan, ni les chanteuses populaires, ni le tremblement de terre, ni la sauterelle africaine, ni le débordement des fleuves, que nous placerions en première ligne. Il est un symptôme encore plus significative à nos yeux que ces divers fleaux, c'est le débordement des libelles épiscopaux."

These "libelles épiscopaux" are of course the *mandements* addressed by the Bishops to their flocks upon the occasion of the danger which now threatens Rome. The chief offender, in the eyes of the French anti-Catholic press, is, of course, Mgr. Dupanloup. Possibly, the writers in question are quite as angry with M. Louis Veuillot, who has just poured into their ranks as effective a broadside of indignant satire as ever proceeded from Juvenal himself. The author of the article we have just quoted avenges himself after his fashion by classing M. Veuillot's work among "les pamphlets de l'Eglise"—between the *brochures* of Mgr. Dupanloup and Mgr. Plantier. M. Veuillot's book will receive separate notice in a future number, but it is somewhat unfair both to the bishops and to him to place the *Odeurs de Paris* in such juxtaposition, for there are many passages in it which certainly no bishop would ever have written. For the present, let us confine ourselves to Mgr. Dupanloup. His "libelle" is a thin volume of less than two hundred pages, called *L'Athéisme et le Péril Social*. It is occasioned by the attacks made on him by the anti-Catholic press in consequence of his letter to the clergy of his diocese, on which we commented a few months ago. While recruiting his health in the South, he was recalled at a moment's notice to his diocese by the destructive inundations which caused such immense losses in France last autumn, and every one has heard of the noble and energetic charity with which he devoted himself to the relief of the sufferers, filling his own palace with them, and subscribing to the fund raised for their assistance about a half of his whole annual income. We are not aware that the writers who have since attacked the Bishop of Orleans in France have either imitated his charity or even acknowledged its heroism: but he unfortunately took the great liberty

of saying that such calamities as that which had reduced so many households to poverty were the signs of the anger of Heaven, and he pointed out in the manner which we have already described the increasing rise and swell of the most pernicious and blasphemous doctrines in Europe, and the necessity for every possible exertion on the part of the friends of the truth and the faith to restrain the advancing tide of infidelity and atheism. We are not altogether strangers in England to the dislike which certain writers have to the idea of an overruling Providence which directs the operation of natural causes—more especially when their operation is turned in the direction of calamity and chastisement rather than of beneficence. We have heard of men calling themselves clergymen denying the use of prayer under public calamity, and thereby implicitly questioning either the Providence of God, His continual control over natural phenomena, or His power and readiness to alter what has once been in a certain sense determined. There may be as much folly on the subject in England as in France: but on this side of the Channel our indispensable respectability would certainly have kept the writers in the public press from loading with invective a bishop who had dared to propound that God governed the world, that He chastised as well as blessed, that He could be appeased by prayer and sacrifice, and that the floods of infidelity and immorality are worse than any which mountains shorn of their woods can send down to devastate smiling tracts of country and sweep away farms and villages. The French press is not allowed to abuse *everything*: and the choice specimens of vituperation which the Bishop of Orleans has collected from about a hundred journals certainly show us what it might achieve in this department of eloquence if it were set free from all restraint.

We can only attribute the violence which has been displayed to the strain and tension produced by the crisis of the moment. It is well to note these indications of the instinctive feelings of the enemies of the Christian religion. It might have been thought that what profess outwardly to be generous sympathies with national aspirations and oppressed populations might have found plentiful opportunities of venting themselves on interesting objects outside the patrimony of St. Peter. There is Naples kept down by military tyranny, Sicily under a reign of terror, Sardinia, we are told, in a state of abject misery, Poland has just been crushed down afresh by the armed heel of Russia, Crete made a desert by the Turks, and if Christianity has any special claim on the tender feelings of the men of whom we speak, there are the millions of Christians in the East, the constant reproach of Europe and the civilised world, left without aid under the blighting dominion of Mussulman pashas. But the

sympathies of the so-called liberals centre on the population of Rome and its neighbourhood—who, up to the present moment, do not seem quite to appreciate the liberty which is so affectionately offered them. And now that the wished-for time is thought to be at hand for the overthrow of the Ecclesiastical Government, men's minds are so excited and their passions mount so high that they cannot tolerate that a bishop who sympathises with the Pope should do his duty in France without scolding him roundly. If they are so liberal before their promised triumph, what will they be when it has come?

Mgr. Dupanloup, of course, is not the man to hesitate in the discharge of his duty, or to quail before his enemies. It is probably fortunate that they have given him so good an opportunity of speaking again. He realises to the utmost the danger which now threatens society in the progress of infidel and anti-social opinions in his country, and it would seem that he fears that others are not equally alive to it. Society is satisfied with repose, however gained, and gives itself up to its own pursuits and enjoyments as long as they are uninterrupted, without considering what measures are necessary to secure them from fresh disturbance. Paris looked very much like itself but a few weeks after the terrible conflicts of June 1848: the farms and villas on the slopes of volcanoes are rebuilt and laid out again as before very soon after they have been destroyed, ready for another eruption, which may come no one knows how soon. Mgr. Dupanloup's theme is that society is living placidly on the slope of a volcano which broke out in lava streams but a few years since, that little has been done to secure us against a fresh desolation, and that the mountain has begun already to rumble and send out smoke and red-hot stones. A person in this position can care but little for what is said of him, rather he rejoices in abuse because it attracts attention to what he says himself, and gives him an occasion of reply. One of the journals of which he speaks begged him, as he tells us, to abuse it: he was perhaps quite as glad to be abused by it.

It is not our intention to dwell long on the details of Mgr. Dupanloup's present pamphlet. It has all the vigour, earnestness, trenchant logic, and plainness of speaking which characterise its author. It would, moreover, be difficult to epitomise a work which contains so much in so small a compass. The first part is devoted to the immediate occasion of the publication, the controversy excited by the author's former Letter. Mgr. Dupanloup then proceeds to speak of the religious perils of the day. Atheism, he tells us, is actively propagated in France, under its three forms of Pantheism, Positivism, and Materialism. "I listen," says the Bishop, "to the utterances of the press, I hear what is said by the writers who have

fame and credit, and I affirm that these ill-omened schools have at their command an immense publicity. They speak in books, in journals, in reviews, even in public chairs: they gain ground daily among the men who are exclusively devoted to positive science, among the young and among working men. In a word, I am forced to avow, that our country is now being subjected to an effort of impiety, in the direction of atheism, the incessant progress of which may go to lengths which no one can tell; for the movement appears to have its impulse in high quarters, and certainly it spreads far." He gives a long list of the reviews and papers which are either specially devoted to this propaganda, or which are occasionally made to serve its purposes. He adds an account of the infidel doctrines taught at the expense of the Government in Naples and Turin, and of the societies set on foot in Germany, Belgium, and elsewhere whose rules bind their members never to receive any Sacrament of any religion. Another section of the second part of the work is devoted to an account of the doctrine of "Independent morality"—morality without God or religion, which takes up the practical side in the battle against Christianity. It is certainly a strange phenomenon to find men of this stamp obliged in some way or other to provide for the moral law and to pay homage to the voice of conscience: partly, perhaps, for the sake of propagating their poisonous doctrines on other points with a greater chance of success, but partly, no doubt, because they cannot escape from the necessity which human nature itself imposes on them of admitting some distinction between right and wrong, and only advocating and practising vice under the name of virtue. "Independent morality claims to have no dependence upon God, on the existence of God, the belief in God: it frees itself from all dogma, all belief, all religion, not only positive and revealed, but even deism and natural religion itself." Mgr. Dupanloup spends a few pages in the confutation of this doctrine, showing it to be atheism in practice, to destroy the immutability of morality and so to corrupt it, and in fine, to be a deadly attack on social order.

The third part of the Bishop's pamphlet deals with the social dangers which are involved in the state of things which he has been describing. The theme that the dissolution or corruption of belief necessarily leads to the destruction of society is one which all thinkers acknowledge as speculatively true, though it is not difficult to find hundreds who practically ignore it. It has been proclaimed as loudly by writers such as Auguste Comte and John Stuart Mill, as by the defenders of revealed religion and of the established social systems of Europe. This is one of those matters in which "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." It

would be an interesting question to ask, if we could survey at one glance the whole working and all the productions of the printing press since its invention,—whether this mighty engine, in itself equally capable of doing great service and great mischief to truth and the best interests of humanity, has been more vigorously and more industriously used on the side of what is good or on that of what is pernicious. We fear that the activity of the scribes and missionaries of falsehood has often put to shame the more languid efforts of the advocates of truth. Certainly, to turn to the particular field which lies before the eyes of Mgr. Dupanloup and those for whom he writes more immediately, the press of France presents a somewhat discouraging spectacle. France is one of the most actively Catholic nations in the world: she has a powerful Episcopate, a numerous and admirably-trained clergy, she can point to a great number of laymen eminent for learning, eloquence, and every kind of social distinction, who have devoted their services to the cause of the Church, and, besides her unrivalled fruitfulness in religious orders and in the development of every conceivable work of piety and charity, she sends forth armies of missionaries and Sisters of Charity to every part of the globe. Yet notwithstanding the brilliancy of many of her Catholic writers, who have won for themselves the foremost places in the literature of Christendom, France has still to bewail the anti-Catholic and anti-Christian tone which prevails in the most influential portions of her press. She has no other *Revue* equal to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the *Siècle* and the *Journal des Débats* are among the very first of her papers: and mischievous as these so often are in what they themselves put before the public, the evil influence is heightened and spread far and wide by a hundred other organs of opinion which, more or less, take their tone from them. We are very far from underrating the noble services rendered to religion by the Catholic press of France: but Mgr. Dupanloup tells us that it works under restraints and difficulties which are not felt by the infidel writers of the day. Every one is allowed to attack religion, while its defenders are often silenced. Meanwhile, it is the avowed object of the socialist and anti-Christian leaders to make their doctrines as popular and as widely diffused as possible, and so bring about in the masses of the people that general corruption of manners and dissolution of belief which are sure in the long run, and perhaps speedily, to give birth to a new revolution whose excesses shall put into the shade '89 and '93, and establish what they announce as a new religion on the ruins of society and Christianity. And, as we have seen, the apparent approach of the triumph of the revolution at Rome has increased the energies and sharpened the appetites of the

men who have been so long and so industriously plotting for the result which now seems to them all but achieved.

In the face of a state of things like this, it is not in the character of the Bishop of Orleans to be without hope. He raises his voice, indeed, for the sake of pointing out the dangers which menace society, and especially for the sake of arousing the indolent and careless to a sense of the importance of the crisis. He well remarks, that all revolutionary catastrophes have been the work of an active and daring minority, which has misled or intimidated the great mass of the community, of itself inclined to good, or at least indisposed to excesses. It has been objected to him by some of his critics that he denounces rather than confutes, and that he raises a cry of alarm without proposing a remedy for the impending evil. The first part of the criticism proceeds, we think, upon a mistaken notion of the character of the pamphlet before us. It would have been quite out of place in such a publication formally to confute Pantheism, Positivism, Materialism, or the doctrine of Independent Morality: nor are confutations of these errors wanting in France. Moreover, there is a large class of false opinions which have only to be stated clearly, and divested of the cloud of ambiguous and pretentious phraseology in which their advocates take care to enfold them, in order to be at once practically refuted. Their naked monstrosity is enough to disgust any simple inquirer. A late critic on Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon* has observed that the chief difficulty in dealing with him is to find out what he means: when this is once clear, its absurdity is clear also. The same remark may be made with the greatest truth of the Pantheist and Positivist writers of whom Mgr. Dupanloup speaks: and even in the slight sketches contained in the present pamphlet, he has sufficiently exposed their errors by stating them clearly.

As for the means by which Mgr. Dupanloup would meet the evil which he denounces, it is not unnatural that in a pamphlet like that now before us he should not be able to speak his whole mind. The active and deliberate propagation in a Christian society of principles and doctrines subversive at once of religion and civil order, may be met in two ways. The way of the Church has always been to meet them by the exercise of her own marvellous activity, and by drawing largely on the charity and self-devotion of her ablest and most instructed children. There is no cause in the world truly noble and great in the highest sense of the words, but this: and when the Church has had liberty and peace, and perfect freedom to use the resources and influences of every kind which are lawfully at her disposal, the teaching of positive truth and the practice of Christian and heroic virtue has ordinarily been far more than enough to counteract

the sleepless industry and multifarious arts of the powers of evil and their instruments. This is a work incumbent not on the clergy or on religious bodies alone, but, in its due degree, on all Christians of whatever station and capacity. The direct aim of Mgr. Dupanloup's present work is to rouse those who are in heart on the side of good, and induce them to take up the arms which in many cases lie idle by their side. No one can accuse him of want of liberality in his appeal. He is sure of the energetic cooperation of his brother bishops, of the noble clergy of France, of the distinguished band of Catholic writers and philosophers which form one of the glories of our time. He calls on the Christian youth and people of his country to shut their ears against the sophists who are striving to delude them into the abandonment of their grandest inheritance. He invites the teachers of the spiritualist philosophy to join in defending the world from the domination of intellectual barbarism. He has a ready welcome to give to the Christian thinkers and writers outside the pale of the Catholic Church—men "who, without having as yet, perhaps, the whole of our faith, at least comprehend its benefits, its influence, its necessity for society, and 'who see no public interest to be gained by voluntarily diminishing that amount of faith which still remains in the world.' To them also I make appeal, for this necessary league of all the forces of good in the country, against the ever increasing invasion of ideas subversive alike of all society and of all religion" (p. 188).

Another mode of meeting such dangers as those now contemplated has always been that employed by a Christian State in the discharge of its highest duty, the maintenance and defence of religion and morality. A clamour has been raised against Mgr. Dupanloup and other writers, more or less, of the same class, as having invoked the principle of toleration and liberty when Catholic journalists or teachers have been proscribed, while they would fain see the "secular arm" interfere to put down rigorously the propaganda of unbelief. M. Louis Veuillot has some cutting remarks in his late volume on the subject, and he has plainly said that he is for giving liberty to truth, and not to error. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* is in ecstasies. "On sait la suite du raisonnement," cries M. Lanfret, "la vérité, c'est moi, et l'erreur, c'est vous; donc, etc." Thus we come back to the eternal quibble of the men who do not admit that any divine answer has ever been given to Pilate's question, What is Truth? If the difference between truth and falsehood is only that between the opinion of one man and the opinion of another, no civil society can possibly be constituted on the basis of the absolute truth of any particular religion. But Christian States presuppose the truth of Christianity as their own foundation, and they are therefore justified in legislating and

are even bound to legislate in defence of its doctrines and in repression of those which are contrary to them. The principle of a Christian and a Catholic commonwealth and system of government is clear and simple : Christianity, as we say in England, is the law of the land. The circumstances of modern Christian societies, in which so many different forms of religion exist peaceably by the side of the religion of the State, and in which civil power is placed in the hands of Dissenters as well as of the followers of that religion, may in practice modify profoundly or entirely suspend the application of this simple principle, nor does any one claim to change the present European system in this respect. We say that the principle in question is modified, but not abandoned, in States, such as our own, which while using a wide toleration, still require or forbid, as a matter of obedience to the civil law, what may be unlawful or legitimate according to the belief of particular citizens who dissent from the State religion. Thus we go on requiring taxes or church-rates from those who object conscientiously to pay them, and we forbid polygamy or obscene acts in public, though Mussulmans and Mormons may believe the former lawful, and certain idolatrous subjects of Queen Victoria might consider the latter as a part of the worship due to their Gods. If then, France is still a Christian country, it ought not to be objected as an inconsistency to Catholic Frenchmen if they desire to see the liberty of the press so far restrained as to put some check on the propagation of atheistical, materialist, and anti-social writings. We say, *desire* to see it so restrained; for under present circumstances, no one can accuse them of proposing such a measure, for the obvious reason that the defenders of religion find it quite difficult enough to obtain for themselves that perfect freedom of speech which is unhesitatingly accorded to others. Everywhere, in fact, Governments are practically conducted on principles of toleration, except in the many instances in which toleration is refused or barely accorded to Catholicism. "Je sais," says Mgr. Dupanloup, "les dangers de la liberté de la presse, mais rien ne surpasse à mes yeux les dangers du régime actuel, assurément contre l'intention de ceux qui l'ont établi. On voulait défendre la société, on a livré la morale. On voulait diminuer la puissance de la presse, on l'a rendu tout à la fois plus basse et plus forte; toute lui a été permis, sauf l'indépendance. En établissant des monopoles et des exclusions, on a enrichi et grandi les favorisés, miné ou bâillonné les exclus. Or je ne sais comment il se fait que, à Paris et en province, le plupart des exclus sont de notre côté. Sans plus discuter, car je ferais un autre volume, je demande que le gouvernement s'éclaire, et que le régime de la presse soit impartiale" (p. 177).

The real defence of religion, therefore, must be looked for where it has always been found, at the hands of its own children. The State has duties to perform, which it neglects at its own peril: the Church must continue her work of love and healing, whatever may be her external condition of prosperity or calamity. The hindering of this work is, in reality, the great object of the enemies of truth. They know well enough how to mask their designs behind the fair semblances of political progress and national unity: what they aim at above all things is to silence the Christian pulpit, to make the Catechism a proscribed book, to stifle religious education, to disorganise ecclesiastical discipline, to diminish the frequency with which Sacraments are administered, and to put fetters on the exercise of charity and self-devotion. To whatever extent the action of the Church is shackled or paralysed, to the same extent is the cause of infidelity and social ruin advanced. The revolution is the political and social expression of the atheist teaching. Under this disguise, it is the better able to enlist sympathies that would otherwise be denied it, and to disarm the opposition which it would meet with if its designs were fully declared, from the comparatively indifferent masses who care a great deal for social order and peace, but not much for religion. We can never really understand the phenomena of the days in which we live except by considerations such as these. When they are once realised, it becomes intelligible why the work of the revolution is but half done as long as the Roman Pontiff remains undisturbed even in that scanty remnant of his dominions which he still retains. The work of the Church can nowhere be so seriously injured as at the centre of its life. "I will strike the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be dispersed." The formation of the Italian kingdom under the guidance of the secret societies, looks to us at a distance as little more than the legitimate consummation of a natural and honourable tendency to national unity and by that means to national independence and greatness. It is not, indeed, even that, when more closely scanned if only from without: for Naples and Sicily recoil from the embrace of Piedmont with the same hearty repugnance which would be witnessed in the case of our own islands, if Ireland were free and independent, and it were proposed to reunite her to Great Britain. But in the country itself, the formation of the Italian kingdom has meant the persecution of bishops and clergy, the dissolution of monasteries and convents, the profaning of shrines, and the closing and plundering of churches: it has meant the attempt to secularise education, which may involve the same kind of tyranny over the Church from which the French Bishops had to struggle for so many years to free themselves; it has meant the

introduction of unchristian laws with regard to marriage, the dissemination of thousands of blasphemous and immoral writings, the pollution of the stage by the utmost license and profanity, and the deliberate and systematic corruption of youth. It means in the future socialism in politics, profligacy in morals, and the negation of God. This is the advancing flood which the Catholics of Italy have now to meet, as the Catholics of France in their day have had to meet it, and it is little wonder that the enemy should make so great a point of obtaining admission into the citadel of the Church in the Vatican itself. The heart of the Italian people is, no doubt, still sound, and the vast majority is still intensely loyal to the ancient faith. But Mgr. Dupanloup, as we have said, has well reminded us how ordinary it is in times of revolution for the minority to control and overpower the majority. One thing is certain, that in Italy, as in France and in Europe generally, the circumstances of the times call imperatively on all the friends of religion and civilisation to strain every nerve in defence of both.

For ourselves, it would be well not to be too secure. The attention of the Catholics of these islands is apt to be concentrated somewhat exclusively on those who approach most nearly to themselves. Our immediate controversy lies with them, for some of them attack us more rudely and malignantly than any other body of men in the country, and others of them furnish us with continual matter for rejoicing in the converts whom they prepare for us. They fill a larger space in the literature of the time than any other party, and for some time past they have occupied a quite exceptional share of public attention. If their opinions were those of the mass of Englishmen, we might indeed wish that they were still nearer to the full Catholic faith than they are, but we should not have to fear those extreme excesses of rationalism and individual judgment which have produced the abominable forms of evil which are attacked by Mgr. Dupanloup. But the opinions of these men are not those of the great bulk of their countrymen, and there is every reason for fearing that scepticism and even infidelity have made very rapid progress in the country in the course of the last quarter of a century. The attention which has been fixed by circumstances on the Catholic question on the one hand, and on the fundamental controversies raised by Dr. Colenso and the *Essays and Reviews* on the other, is rapidly forcing the majority of thinking men in England to recognise but two alternatives as resting-places for reasoning minds. "It would seem as if, in the next generation, the religious world would be divided between Deists and Catholics"—and the great student of the minds of his countrymen whose words we have quoted, adds, that the latitudi-

narian party of whom he is speaking, do not stop short even at deism. He too seems to recognise the fact, that when principles and opinions take possession of the educated classes in a community, they must ultimately descend to the masses below that level.

We find ourselves therefore in presence of a seething sea of conflicting and strange opinions, which in many cases certainly do not stop short of the extravagant monstrosities which exercise so baneful a sway over literature in France. The amount of belief in certain great Christian doctrines which has been kept up in England by the teaching, orthodox in these particulars, of the Establishment and the Sects which have emanated from it, is a valuable element in the condition of the nation, but it is melting away no one can tell how rapidly before the vigorous assaults of so-called Liberalism of thought, aided, alas, by the incoherencies and inconsistencies of the men who proclaim that Catholicism is a mistake without giving anything satisfactory in its place. Men are logical enough to see that if Catholicism is wrong, semi-Catholicism cannot be right, and they turn away to the other of the two great alternatives. The Catholic body, with whatever recruits it may win from that large mass of Englishmen who will never be able to live without a positive religion, will then be left, we cannot tell how soon, to confront the Latitudinarian ranks which will certainly by that time have inscribed on their banners the names of those phases of direct unbelief which may be the most attractive to the national temper of mind. It must be expected that the war will increase in fierceness as the two extremes come more closely into collision one with the other. The days of languid and genteel controversy, the tournaments of thought rather than its pitched battles, will then be over. And all analogy leads us also to the foreboding—which is indeed sufficiently confirmed beforehand by the feeling of insecurity as to the stability of our political institutions which is now for the first time making itself deep and general—that social convulsions may reflect, extend, and intensify the tumults of the intellectual struggle.

Voices more authoritative than ours have alone the right and the capacity to point out all the measures that should be taken to prepare for so internecine a strife. But we may be permitted to name at least two of the subjects on which the attention of all among us who have at heart the cause of truth and civilisation must certainly centre. Catholic education of the highest class is an indispensable instrument for the cause of good in the world, the want of which is unfortunately sometimes least felt by those in whom its effects are most conspicuous. The higher studies can never be left uncultivated in a community without the effect being seen in frivolity, narrowness of view, the absence of public spirit, and the avoidance or incompetent

discharge of social duties: while, on the other hand, no body that possesses an active band of highly-educated laymen devoted to its interests can fail to have a very important influence on the public mind. These, then, are surely days in which this question, always so momentous, rises into even unusual prominence, and in which all zeal should be expended in the use and development of the means of such education as we already possess, and in the rapid acquisition of more. From the progress of education and mental culture among the Catholics of these islands will spring in due time that other great power for good which we are so often longing for—a literature penetrated with Catholic thought and Catholic instinct, worthy to be pointed to as the fruit and representative of the creative and fostering action of the Church on the intelligence of a great people. These two great forces, education and literature, must be developed side by side, and the one cannot exist without the other. After the supernatural means with which the Church is so richly stored, they are the most powerful weapons which she uses to resist and subdue the world.

Rhoda.

A DEVONSHIRE ECLOGUE.



"I am declined

Into the vale of years ; yet that's not much."—*Othello*.

It was the deep midsummer ; the calm lake
Lay shining in the sun ; the glittering ripples,
That scarce bare record of the wind's light wings,
Reached not the shore, where, shadowed by huge oaks,
The clear still water blended with the land
In undistinguished union. All was still,
Save where at little distance a bright spring
Leapt out from a fern-coroneted rock,
And ran with cheerful prattle its short course
(Making the silence deeper for its noise)
To quiet slumber in the quiet lake.

Down to the margin of the water, slow
Pacing along the shadow-dappled grass
Into the trees' green twilight, steadfastly
The while his eyes bent down upon the ground,
Sir Richard Conway came. No longer young ;
A statesman of repute ; in council wise ;
Of bitter speech but not unkindly heart ;
Of stately presence still. He in his youth
Had wooed and wedded a fair girl ; so fair,
So gentle, and so good, that when she died
His heart and love died too, and in her grave
Lay down, and he came forth a stricken man.

But this was long ago : his children grew ;
He watched them, but they never saw his heart ;
They dreamed not of the proud man's tenderness,
But went into the highway of the world,
And left him to his utter loneliness.
Years passed : sometimes his solitary heart
Sent out a cry of agony for love ;
But no one heard—he sternly stifled it :
Treading his path with dignity, he lived
In pride and honour, and he lived alone.

He prayed for love, and in his Autumn days
 Love came upon him ; but in such a sort
 As, if a man had told him it would come,
 He would have laughed in scorn. But so it is ;
 God gives us our desire, and sends withal
 Sharp chastening as His wisdom sees most fit.

Rhoda, the fairest of a sisterhood
 Who were all fair, lived hard by the great House,
 Near to the lake ; the daughter of a pair
 Not rich, yet blessed with slender competence.
 And sometimes in the Park, or in the House,
 Whereto chance errands brought her, she would meet
 Sir Richard, who to such as her showed ever
 A gracious kindness, and would give to her
 A friendly greeting, sometimes with a word
 Of question of her needs or her desires,
 Followed by such slight interchange of talk
 As might befit such meetings—nothing more.
 Indeed he could not fail as time wore on
 To note that with each year she lovelier grew,—
 A pale and delicate fairy, exquisite
 As some rare picture, with pathetic eyes
 Veiled underneath long lashes ; their shy glance
 Seemed to reveal a soul whose tender depths
 Were unprofaned by any earthly thought.
 Nor was it seeming only : she was good ;
 And fenced her beauty with simplicity,
 Meek sense, and modest wisdom.

This he saw—

He could not choose but see it ; and he felt
 When she was near, as if some soothing strain
 Breathed round him ; and his secret soul was swayed
 With unseen power, as sways the billowy corn
 Swept by the warm caresses of the wind.
 He knew what this portended. All in vain
 The proud man struggled with his heart—he loved,
 And knew that he loved, Rhoda ; all in vain
 He strove to turn away from her fair face,
 He only gazed more tenderly ; in vain
 Strove to speak coldly when he met her : still
 His deep voice trembled, as his heart beat fast,
 And from his eyes looked out his yearning soul.

Of all this conflict Rhoda saw but little;
The less, belike, for conflict of her own :
Mysterious longings kindled by his voice;
Shy pleasure in his presence ; constant thought
(Half reverence, half compassion, tender always)
Of this grave, courteous, noble, lonely man,
Who looked so great, so sorrowful, but still
With many a mute yet clearly-speaking sign
Sued for her love with sad humility.
These things she never uttered to her heart ;
And if her thoughts half spoke, unwaveringly
She put them by, and simply went her way.
But he could fight no longer ; and to-day
He waited by the water, for he knew
Rhoda would pass that way, and he resolved
To tell her all his secret, and to learn
His future from her lips, whether they spoke
Hope or despair.

He had not waited long,
When through the Park, along the trembling lake,
Into the oaks' soft shadows, Rhoda came ;
So bright, so fresh, so beautiful, she seemed
To bring a golden light into the gloom.
Sir Richard trembled, and his breath came quick,
His pulse throbbed wildly, and his eyes grew dim ;
Yet, mastered by his iron will, his words
Came calmly forth to greet her : at the sound
Surprised to find him there, she started back,
Then murmuring something hurriedly, went on.
He gently stayed her, saying in tenderest tones :
" One moment, Rhoda—one—could you but know—"
She looked into his face with wondering eyes,
Then bashfully withdrew them ; for she knew
At once his secret from his pleading voice
And his dark eyes' ineffable tenderness.
" I did not mean to startle you," he said ;
" Nay, do not tremble ; could you see my soul,
The tempest there would make your own show calm.
O, stay—forgive me—when the heart beats fast
The tongue is slow—I love you ! Fewest words
Are best for such confession. Can you love ?"

But Rhoda could not answer. Nought was heard

Except the gurgling of the silver spring,
 When thus in saddest accents he resumed :
 "Rhoda, you see in me a man sore smitten,
 Whose youth and Spring were buried long ago—
 One who has had no Summer in his heart,
 Whose Autumn days are lonely, and who prayed
 (Till you relumed the sunshine of his life)
 For the swift closing Winter of the grave.
 Long have I kept my secret to myself—
 From no mean shame, my girl ; for well I know
 Were you my wife, mine were the gain, not yours ;
 But silver hairs blend ill with waving gold,
 Nor would I bring a blight upon your life.
 Why have I spoken ? 'Twas a selfish thought
 To share with you the burden of my gloom,
 O'ershadowing your young years—an idle dream
 That one so old and desolate as I
 Could stir the heart of blessed youthfulness.
 There—you have heard my secret. Pity me :
 I know you will not mock me. So, farewell !
 Go, Rhoda, with my blessing on your head !
 I to my loveless life return alone,
 Forlorn but uncomplaining."

He turned to go,
 But Rhoda, who had heard him to this word,
 Could now endure no more ; she caught his arm,
 She gazed at him with fond eyes full of tears.
 "O, not alone !" she said—"we go together ;
 If a poor girl like me—" She said no more,
 But turned and hid her face upon his heart.
 He clasped her, looking thankfully to heaven,
 Then stooped and kissed her : "Rhoda, my own wife,
 Bear with me for my love !" The trees stood still,
 Yielding no faintest whispering. They came forth
 Out of the solemn grove into the sun ;
 The soft blue sky had not one film of cloud ;
 And as they walked in silence, they could hear
 Far off the happy stockdove's brooding note.

And so Sir Richard won his lovely wife.
 Once more the old house brightened ; stately rooms
 Rang with the unaccustomed sound of mirth ;
 And still as years went on Sir Richard wore

Always an air of serious cheerfulness;
While baby voices gladdened all the place,
And Rhoda's lovely face was never sad.
Let the grim rock give forth a living stream,
And still boon nature-crowns its ruggedness
With flowers and fairy grasses.

Near the Park

Towers up a tract of granite; the huge hills
Bear on their broad flanks right into the mists
Vast sweeps of purple heath and yellow furze.
It is the home of rivers, and the haunt
Of great cloud-armies, borne on Ocean blasts
Far-stretching squadrons, with colossal stride
Marching from peak to peak, or lying down
Upon the granite beds that crown the heights.
Yet for the dwellers near them these bleak moors
Have some strange fascination; and I own
That, like a strong man's sweetness, to myself
Pent in the smoky city, worn with toil,
When the sun rends the veil, or flames unveiled
Over those wide waste uplands, or when mists
Fill the great vales like lakes, then break and roll
Slow lingering up the hills as living things,
Then do they stir and lift the soul; and then
Their colours, and their rainbows, and their clouds,
And their fierce winds, and desolate liberty,
Seem endless beauty and untold delight.

So was it with Sir Richard: from the Park
And from the cares of state he often went
With Rhoda, to enjoy some happy hours
There face to face with Nature—far away
From all the din and fume of human life,
From paltry cares and interests, that corrupt
Or keep the soul in chains. They may be seen
On a great hill, on cloudless summer days,
Or when the sun in Autumn melts the clouds,
Gazing on that magnificent region, spread
In majesty below them: teeming plains
And wood-clothed gorges of the hills in front;
Behind them sea-like ridges of bare moor,
Some in brown shade, some white with blazing light;
Above, enormous rocks piled up in play

By giants ; all around, authentic relics
Of those drear ages, when half-naked men
Roamed these dim regions, waging doubtful war
With wolves and bears ; and on the horizon's verge
The pale blue waste of Ocean. There they sit,
Sir Richard and his Rhoda, side by side,—
Their hearts aglow with love, their souls bowed down
In thankful adoration, scarce recalled
From musings deep and tender, by the shouts
Of two fair children playing at their feet.

October 1866.

Q. C.

English Premiers.

VIII.—CHARLES JAMES FOX (*concluded*).

DIFFERENCES of opinion on political subjects are so natural, so desirable in certain conditions of society, so compatible with all that is refined and good in their respective partisans, that it is surprising they should so often produce coldness between friends and feuds in families. Fox had enjoyed the intimate friendship of Burke for five-and-twenty years. Their classical tastes, their eloquence, their noble sentiments, and official connection, seemed destined to knit them more closely to each other as time went on, when the excesses of the French Revolution occasioned in them that divergence which broke the spell of their long attachment. On the 6th of May 1791 they addressed the House of Commons in very different language; and while the author of the *Reflections on the French Revolution* solemnly warned his hearers against any sympathy with the blood-stained republicans of Paris, his friend with equal energy, if not with equal warmth, applauded the efforts made in France to ingraft free institutions on the old monarchy. Further than this he would not go; least of all did he meditate a rupture with Burke. In the midst of his loudest declamation he whispered, "No loss of friendship." But the impulsive Irishman had counted the cost. He was bound, he said, to sacrifice friendship to duty—"the most brilliant and powerful debater that ever existed had described him as having deserted and abandoned every one of his principles;" friendship was at an end. Together with Burke, Fox now lost several other adherents—the Duke of Portland, Mr. Wyndham, and Lord Fitzwilliam; yet he ran into no extremes, nor would he even join the Association founded by Grey for promoting Parliamentary Reform. All the friends who separated from him did so with regret; for his nature was unaffected and kind. But party-spirit ran high, and one question absorbed all minds—war or peace; war to the knife with France and democracy, intervention or ignominious neutrality.

Proposals for a coalition still passed from time to time between Pitt and Fox; but even if the demands of their common ambition could have been settled satisfactorily in other respects, it is doubtful whether their respective tendencies to peace and war could ever have

been reconciled. In advocating peace Fox raised against himself a storm of obloquy, and anticipated those maxims of non-intervention which have been lately so often repeated. When he pointed out the folly of a war against opinion, he was of course reproached with Jacobinism; and when he repelled as groundless the fear that revolution might spread to this country, he was denounced as wanting in patriotism. Nevertheless his language was always moderate; while Burke, his former ally, rushed into extravagance, in which the more cautious statesman, Pitt, by no means shared. Burke would have taken arms in the name of Louis XVII., while Pitt was ready to allow that he had no concern with the internal arrangements of the French Government.

The small party of which Fox was the leader being defeated in every division, he resigned for a season every hope of power, and found unusual enjoyment in literature and domestic ties. Dr. Parr himself could hardly have been more absorbed in Greek; and he would often read two or three books of the *Iliad* in a morning. He had a keen sense of the beauties of nature; and his affections, which had wandered wildly, became fixed on one object. Mrs. Armistead, who had been to him as a wife, became really such in 1795; and her devotion to him was united with good sense in worldly affairs. As to religion, few traces of it can be found in Fox's life and correspondence. He writes to his nephew, Lord Holland, to tell him that "he has been called home by a severe fever which has attacked Mrs. Armistead, but which lasted a very little time;" he thanks God, indeed, that she is perfectly recovered, but seems not to reflect that the laws of God required that Mrs. Armistead should even then have been Mrs. Fox. There is a charm in his letters, arising from their extreme simplicity and the affectionate disposition which breathes in every line. Perhaps no uncle equally great ever unbent to a nephew so gracefully and so long. We may well believe him when he writes to Lord Holland, "You are in more danger of being teased by my affection than of ever being hurt by my neglect." Sometimes he breaks off from English into Spanish or Italian without any previous notice, and back again as abruptly into his native tongue. His letters abound with allusions to famous pictures in Italy, of which he had a distinct recollection; and Mrs. Fox's taste in such matters was scarcely inferior to his own. The works of the old masters were ranged in his memory, as if in a palatial gallery, unfaded by distance or time. He passes with ease from the lightest to the gravest topics, from the frescoes of Domenichino, for instance, to the benefits of party, the use and abuse of party-spirit, the shortsightedness of tyranny, or the vices of Bourbon government.

Whenever the grievances of Catholics come under his notice his sympathies are with them; and the warmth with which he advocates their cause is the more generous, because liberal sentiments were in his time so extremely rare. It was not until 1793 that Catholics obtained permission even to vote at elections of members of Parliament and municipal officers. "To suppose it possible," he wrote two years after the passing of the repeal, "that, now they are electors, they will long submit to be ineligible to Parliament, appears to me to be absurd beyond measure; but common sense seems to be totally lost out of the councils of this devoted country." All classes of Dissenters from the Established Church felt grateful to Fox for protecting them against Elizabethan principles and practice; and the words of one of the ablest Nonconformist ministers, Robert Hall, are remarkable as showing the esteem in which he was held by such divines.

"To the honour of Mr. Fox, and the band of illustrious patriots of which he is the leader, it will be remembered, that they stood firm against a host of opponents, when, assailed by every species of calumny and invective, they had nothing to expect but the reproaches of the present, and the admiration of all future times. If anything can rekindle the sparks of freedom, it will be the flame of their eloquence; if anything can reanimate her faded form, it will be the vigor of such minds."

Fox's remarks on writings likely to fall in his nephew's way are well fitted to foster the love of literature in a youthful mind, and to impart that critical spirit without which beauties and deformities alike present a dull and unmeaning level. If he likes or dislikes, admires or despises, it is never without a reason. If he delights in Ariosto, and likens him in some respects to Homer, it is on account of the freedom and rapidity of his style. If he reflects on Lord Holland for saying there is little good in the new poetry of Cowper, he adds: "What! not the triplets to Mary? not the verses about his first love, in the early part? not *one* of the sonnets? not the 'Shipwreck' or 'Outcast'? Pray read them over again, and repeat your former judgment, if you dare." Fox was too genuine, too affectionate, not to be touched by such sense, such sweetness, such music, as Cowper's. If he raises an objection to Dryden, it is because "he wants a certain degree of easy playfulness that belongs to Ariosto." The *Orlando Furioso* was with him a great favourite; and he thought Chaucer's 'Clerk's Tale' was more really like it in style than anything of Spenser's, even where the latter endeavours most to imitate the Italian poet. In Lucian he saw "a great deal of eloquence as well as wit," and believed the *Medea* to be "the best of all the Greek tragedies on the whole, though the choruses are not so poetical as

in some others." The attempts of modern critics to throw suspicion on the authorship of the Homeric poems had little weight with him. He allowed, indeed, that there are more passages in the *Odyssey* than in the *Iliad* which are justly suspected, but could not bring himself to doubt that both the poems emanated from the same mind.

The public lives of premiers would be ill understood, and would very feebly and partially sum up the history of England during their administrations, if they were deprived of their background—if the hero of the piece appeared only on state occasions and in court dress, spoke only on the hustings and in the House, and concerned himself with nothing but the passing and repeal of acts, with ratifying treaties, achieving victories, and redressing the calamities of defeat. To follow him to his fireside, his garden, and his study, is not to quit the path of history, but rather to supply a few of those touches of individuality which relieve its dullness, and raise a flower or two out of its sandy soil. The rare cultivation of Fox's mind was one of the main, though by no means one of the most prominent causes of his political influence; and we may fairly trace in it the hand of Providence; for the services which Fox rendered to his country in general, to the party which he led, to the cause of Catholic liberties, and the emancipation of England from the despotic supremacy of the Established Church, are manifest to all who study his life, and were acknowledged more gratefully by his successors than by his contemporaries.

Few people would now question that so long as the French Convention and the Directory remained on the defensive, so long as their aggressions and disputes concerned other nations and other interests than ours, England should have abstained from interference by force of arms. The code of international law is written on the consciences of individuals and nations, rather than on any more tangible tablets; and it is therefore only in very extreme cases that one nation has a right to plant itself in the seat of judgment and dictate laws to other states. Fox's objections to the meddling and offensive attitude assumed by British ministers in the early part of the war with France were founded in reason, though if England or any of her possessions had been assailed, he would have defended them as valiantly as any other patriot. "My letters tell me," he writes in January 1800, "what I can scarce credit, that the ministers have given a flat refusal to the Great Consul's proposition to treat. Surely they must be quite mad. I have no doubt but the country will bear it; but if it does, you must allow that it is a complete proof that they will bear anything." It was easy indeed to obtain the support of the country, by declamation and popular fallacies, at a time when the people were ill-educated

and unused to reflect. The masses were on Pitt's side in the war with France, as they had been on North's side in the war with America. The king, of course, who impersonated all the worst prejudices of Englishmen, warmly supported his minister, and more than half of Fox's adherents went over to the premier's camp; while the horrible massacres and alarming doctrines of the French Republic tended to strengthen the hands of the Government, and give an air of justice and wisdom to its measures. When Pitt denounced the atrocities and craft of the successive rulers of France, and rose into his most sarcastic and impassioned oratory—when he himself, who knew so well his own powers, was surprised at the effect of his eloquence, his wonder was still more excited by the ease and might with which his rival grappled with his arguments, parried his thrusts, and hurled back scorn for scorn. He admitted that Fox surpassed Pitt, when Pitt surpassed himself; and Wilberforce, though eminently skilful in the art of persuasion, confessed that his judgment yielded for the time to whichever of the two orators happened to have spoken last. When travelling on the Continent with Wilberforce, a French gentleman expressed to Pitt his surprise at the influence Fox had acquired, seeing that he was a man of pleasure, half ruined by cards and race-horses. "Ah," replied Pitt, "you have not been under the wand of the magician." But Fox was not satisfied with earning a reputation for debate. It was a hard lot to be always admired and always worsted. He was tired of roulette, the rostrum, and city smoke. Other tastes more innocent and refined succeeded; and amid the budding thorns and elms of St. Ann's Hill, it pleased him better to read Dryden and Boccaccio than to prosecute the thankless task of battling night after night for truths that were despised and rights that were ignored.

In 1801 Pitt resigned; and Catholics will ever remember that, to his honour, their cause was his, and that if loss of power be loss of pleasure, he shared with them their cup of bitterness. Pitt advocated the Union with Ireland, and with it the admission of Catholics to the same political privileges with Protestants. The king fancied that to assent to such a measure would be to violate his coronation oath. In assenting to the political part of the Union scheme, he trusted that the door would be closed for ever against further concessions to Catholics; he planted his foot on their necks, in short, as if he were Saint George and they were the Dragon. He would part with Pitt rather than let him prescribe tonics and alteratives for his sickly conscience. He would place the weak and irresolute Addington at the head of affairs rather than repeal the Test Act, or allow several millions of Catholic subjects to have one representative in Parliament.

The ministerial change which ensued was favourable to Fox's views, and afforded him sincere pleasure. The time, he knew, was not ripe for his taking office; yet peace was concluded, and so far his cause triumphed. Pitt and his colleagues had displeased the king on a question involving the most sacred principles of political right—a question on which Fox sympathised to the utmost with his powerful rival. It was now open to the two to combine their forces, which had become more equalised by the return of several of the friends who had deserted the Whig leader. Burke was no more; and Mr. Grenville, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Lord Spencer entered once more into Fox's councils, and enjoyed his confidence on the former terms. Pitt and Fox seem to have been made for each other, and to have been separated only by the caprice of society. A stronger man than Addington would have quailed before them; and he, though supported by the king, could not long stand against them. Had he decided vigorously on declaring war with Bonaparte, he might have gained Pitt; for in those days it was a light thing to abandon the interests of Catholics. Had he firmly maintained peace with France, he might have attached Fox to his party; for sweet as were the songs of the nightingales at St. Ann's, ambition still whispered in the ear of its recluse. But Addington had not strength of mind sufficient for the crisis. He oscillated between peace and war, between Pitt and Fox, till the rival statesmen stopped the pendulum, and hushed the feeble tick of its ministerial existence. "Do you think," asks Fox, in a letter to Lord Lauderdale,* "they could have picked out any one fellow in the House of Commons so sure to make a foolish figure in this new situation as Addington? I think not." Whether in Parliament or in retreat, courted or slighted, struck out of the list of the Privy Council, or called by a reluctant master to the head of the Government, Fox was always at his work—always, in a political point of view, accomplishing the end of his being, and contributing more than he was aware to the triumph of rational freedom and the fall of sectarian bigotry. His correspondence with Mr. Grey shows how completely he was in advance of his age, and how he decided every question of slavery, commercial restrictions, and the like, that came before him in the sense in which the wisdom of subsequent Parliaments has settled them for us.

The year 1803 was one in which the fear of invasion produced a panic in England such as we can now scarcely comprehend. Men discoursed on the probabilities of defeat in language which we should think cowardly and unpatriotic. Fox allowed, in his correspondence with O'Brien, that "he trembled for London," but added: "how-

* February 19, 1801.

ever, I am one of those who think that it is not true that, London lost, all is lost." He then, in a subsequent letter, backs up his confidence rather timidly, and betrays much fear at the time he disclaims it. "I am bold, very bold," he says, "as long as they are on the other side of the water, or on the seas. If they land, I am not in the same state of confidence; but even then, and supposing the enemy were to be victorious, I hope, nay I think, he will grievously feel his want of communication with the Continent." Carthage, he goes on to say, was not conquered till the Roman victors had obtained a superiority by sea as well as by land. I do not question Fox's patriotism, but I must say I do not always like his tone in speaking of France. Any parallel between her and Rome, in which England figures as Carthage—however faintly the parallel be traced—is objectionable in an Englishman's ears. Napoleon Bonaparte, I think, would not have allowed himself so to speak of his country, though he calculated as nicely as Fox the chances of success and of failure in his projected descent upon England. His combinations for the mastery of the sea were very able; and if sailing vessels could have been calculated upon with the same certainty as marches by land, if he himself and not Villeneuve could have directed the fleet, who shall say but that the invaders might have landed—only to have their retreat cut off, and to be utterly destroyed? Prudence saved the Destroyer this time from that humiliation in the British Channel which he was destined to undergo at a later period.

In the following year the alarm was renewed; but Ireland, not England, was thought likely to be the point of attack. The enemy was supposed to be meditating a landing in boats. The supporters of Pitt cried loudly for continuing the war; but Fox, as usual, was anxious for peace. He believed too that there was no folly in history equal to "the fuss that was made about acknowledging the new emperor." "May not the people," he asks, "give their own magistrate the name they choose? We have no contradictory claim ourselves, nor are we favouring any other Power which has." Such was his reasoning; and nothing, his adversaries thought, could be more inexact. Perhaps they did not recognise the people's right to choose their own magistrate. Perhaps they disputed the fact of the French people having chosen Napoleon as their emperor at all. Certainly they did not desert the cause of the Bourbons, nor cease to recognise them as the lawful sovereigns of France. It is true, England had officially acknowledged Bonaparte as First Consul, and in doing so had supplied Fox with his strongest argument. The choice of fresh rulers (his opponents urged) by rebellious populations must be sanctioned by time before wise and just governments will recognise its

claim to respect. The length of time which ought to elapse cannot be fixed, but must depend on a variety of circumstances which seem to determine or annul the validity of the change in question. It must not be supposed, however, that Fox's anxiety for peace would have led him into dishonourable concessions; on the contrary, he approved the zeal with which Pitt resisted the efforts of France to destroy the independence of Holland in 1787, and he contended for war to the knife when Napoleon, after the battle of Austerlitz, provoked the patience of all Europe by his audacious pretensions.

Pitt was perfectly sensible of his rival's moderation; and in the year 1804, when the King's displeasure against himself relented, and he was summoned again to form a cabinet—when the imbecility of Addington's ministry was keenly felt by all, and urgent stress was laid by the new premier on the necessity of combining able men of all parties in the projected administration, the name of Fox was included in the list of ministers whom Pitt proposed to the King. The sovereign resented this as an indignity graver far than that of returning no answer to his royal invitations, and being studiously absent from his levees. He had passed his once favourite minister in the Park without the least sign of recognition, but what mark of displeasure should he affix on this last audacious proposal? Did not Mr. Pitt know well that of all persons in the world, Mr. Fox was the most offensive to him? Had he not applauded the French popular government, and spent his best days in advocating peace with blood-stained rebels? Had he not over and over again used indecorous language respecting his sovereign? Had he not exerted a baneful influence over the politics of the Prince of Wales, and consummated his disgrace by being struck out of the list of Privy Councillors? No; rather than allow Mr. Fox to take a place at his Council-board, he would forego all the advantages to be derived from Mr. Pitt's assistance, and would form a cabinet without him. He had, indeed, no objection to sanction Mr. Fox's appointment as ambassador to a foreign Court, or to any other post which would not bring him into personal intercourse with himself; but he would make no further concession on this head.*

The larger part of Fox's political life was spent in protesting against measures he disapproved, and in favour of others which his great rival either had not the will or the power to enact. In history, therefore, he represents principles rather than deeds. His position was trying in the extreme, and nothing but the light-heartedness which nature had given him enabled him to endure with patience the long ordeal of disappointed hopes. His firmness is the more remark-

* Jesse, *Life and Reign of King George III.* vol. iii. p. 360-5.

able, because it does not appear to have derived any support from religious convictions. So far as we can gather from his private correspondence and the notices of his last illness left us by his nephew, his creed extended no further than Deism; and his benevolent desires for the welfare of others were limited by the narrow boundaries of this fleeting life. When at length Pitt died in January 1806, and his policy seemed to have effected so little for the advantage either of England or of Europe; when France was everywhere victorious, and the imperial eagles looked down from the fortresses of half the Continent on disastrous battle-planes and defeated coalitions, Fox might have hoped that the seat in the cabinet which was once more open to him would enable him in a short space of time, and at the eleventh hour, to accomplish the long-delayed purposes of his life. Now was the time when the six great principles for which he had laboured would haply break the clouds that had enveloped them, and shine on a darkened epoch like the sun in his might. Now the doctrine that the king ought always to be guided by the advice of Parliament, and never rule by inherent authority and with separate views, would be fully established as constitutional and binding. Now religious tests might be abolished, and the Test and Corporation Acts, with the disabling statutes against Catholics, might be trampled under foot. Now, at last, the pious hopes of Wilberforce could be realised, and traffic in slaves be suppressed in every portion of the British empire. Now Parliamentary Reform might be achieved, and the destruction of the corrupt system which prevailed in the department of political economy under Lord North's ministry might be completed. Peace might perhaps now be secured on honourable terms, and the dove with its olive-branch could not be sent forth over the troubled waters from any ark more fitly than the British cabinet. Such were his thoughts when he accepted again the portfolio of foreign affairs. But his promotion was to be another lesson on the vanity of human wishes. He had weathered the storm only to founder in the port. He had overcome in some degree the bitter animosity of men who had long assailed him as the enemy of his country, but it was only to find himself face to face with a more relentless foe, whom no promises or performances could propitiate. Already the seeds of disease were at work in him, when the remains of Nelson were interred in St. Paul's Cathedral; and the fatigue he experienced in attending the funeral service caused some anxiety to his loving friends. His constitution had been robust, and no chronic sufferings had checked his career of pleasure, or familiarised him with the aspect of death and the grave. His spirits began to flag, for the corruptible body dragged the mind earthward; and disease is singularly distressing to those who are used to uninter-

rupted health. He had till of late spent hours every day in shooting and chess, in studying Apollonius Rhodius, Lucretius, and Greek plays. But the idleness of which he was so fond, calling it, after Burke, "the best of all earthly blessings," was in his case always busy. He could not but feel acutely the progress of a disorder which threatened his rural pursuits and his classical studies no less than his ministerial activity. He had little faith in doctors or drugs; and for this he can hardly be blamed, considering the low state of medical science in his day. His physicians veiled their ignorance by looking wise, and recommending quiet. But Fox was too earnest in his desire to abolish slavery not to defend the cause of the negro to the last. Pitt had at the same time denounced and extended the infamous traffic, but Fox lived just long enough to strike its death-blow. He wrote despatches from his sick-chamber with ease and perspicuity, and his conversation was still the delight of his friends. It was not till quite the last stage of his illness that he dictated his letters, being unaccustomed to that practice, and finding it difficult at first.

Like Chatham, who reentered office when no longer equal to its duties, Fox found himself obliged to occupy an almost inactive post. He had often looked forward to some such honourable leisure; but not under the painful conditions in which it now came to him. His colleagues proposed that he should be made a peer; but when Lord Howick was ushered into his room, and made known the wishes of the cabinet, the patient looked significantly at Mrs. Fox, and said, after a short pause, "No, not yet; I think not yet." The fact is, he had made an early determination, of which his wife only was aware, never to be created a peer. He was unwilling to become a sleeping partner in the affairs of government so long as any hope of recovery remained; but his symptoms becoming more serious, he was obliged to do so. "I must put the plan in execution," he said to Lord Holland, "sooner than I intended. But don't think me selfish, young one. The Slave-trade and Peace are two such glorious things, I can't give them up, even to you. If I can manage them, I will then retire." "The peerage," he added, during the same conversation, "seems the natural way, but that cannot be. I have an oath in heaven against it; I will not close my politics in that foolish way, as so many have done before me."

During his illness Fox's bedside was cheered by frequent readings. His secretary, his wife, his nephew and niece took it in turns to amuse him by this means. The books he chose were generally novels; but he also listened to Crabbe's *Parish Register*, which the author had sent him in manuscript, and in which Fox proposed several alterations that were made before the poem appeared. The poet

owed some preferment to Fox's intercession with Lord Chancellor Thurlow, and had for some time ceased to publish any more tales. An accidental encounter with Fox, when the latter was shooting in Suffolk, led Crabbe to send his manuscript to be criticised by the great Whig statesman. He was much pleased with the line of policy his colleagues pursued, and with their dealings with persons as well as things. This circumstance served to render him more cheerful, and he would often break off a conversation on politics abruptly with some such words as these addressed to Lord Holland: "Now, young one, read me the 8th book of Virgil." His London residence at this time was on the site now covered by the Duke of Sutherland's stately mansion. From this he was removed in August to the beautiful villa of his friend the Duke of Devonshire. When wheeled about through the gardens and galleries of Chiswick, the pictures and flowers, the sculptures and spacious apartments richly adorned by art soothed and relieved his mind; but he does not appear to have sought consolation from deeper wells. He was content with the broken cisterns; and when Mrs. Fox, who had many religious feelings, consulted Lord Holland and others about "the means of persuading Mr. Fox to hear prayers read by his bedside," they agreed to request a discreet young clergyman who was staying in the house to stand behind the curtain of the bed and go through the office in a faint but audible voice. The secretary made some demur, but the sufferer himself remained unusually quiet. His main object was to soothe and satisfy his affectionate wife. Towards the end of the prayers, Mrs. Fox knelt on the bed and joined her husband's hands. He seemed to close them faintly, and smiled on her with great tenderness; but no language of contrition for a disorderly youth escaped his lips. "I die happy, Liz," were the last words he uttered; and in the evening of the 13th of September 1806 he expired without a groan, and with apparent serenity.

If the language in which Fox, at an early period of life, approved the French Revolution was not sufficiently guarded, we ought to remember that the real character of the agents in that frightful convulsion did not become apparent till they rose to unlimited power, and that before they became drunk with blood many moderate lovers of freedom in this country felt some degree of sympathy with their cause. In this number we must include Pitt "among the foremost,"* Sir Samuel Romilly, Earl Grey, and others whose opinions in our day would hardly be thought dangerous. If Fox incurred the displeasure and dislike of his royal master, it is pleasing to reflect that the King's long-cherished animosity softened down at the last; that

* Jesse, *Life and Reign of George III.* vol. iii. p. 165.

he bore testimony to Fox's respectful behaviour, and to the regular and punctual manner in which he performed his ministerial duties; that he heard the news of his death not with satisfaction, as some have asserted, but with regret; and observed that "the country could then ill afford to lose such a man;" and that, addressing Lord Sidmouth, recently returned from Chiswick, he said, "I little thought that I should ever live to regret Mr. Fox's death." George the Fourth affirmed, in a conversation with Mr. Croker, that his father was perfectly satisfied, and even pleased, with Mr. Fox, in all their intercourse after he came into office. On the 10th of October he was interred with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. Eighteen inches only separate him from his illustrious rival; and to this circumstance Sir Walter Scott alludes in his well-known lines:

"Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tombed beneath the stone,
Where—taming thought to human pride—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier.
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry—
'Here let their discord with them die.
Speak not for those a separate doom
Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb;
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like again?'"*

There are some particulars in the life of Fox on which I have purposely touched but lightly, because I shall find it necessary to revert to them in sketching the career and character of the only man of his time who could be called his equal—William Pitt.

* *Marmion*, Introd to Canto I.

The Column of Trajan.

Few monuments have survived the ruins of the Roman power with so much completeness as the Column of Trajan. The bronze statue of the Emperor, that once crowned the structure, went the way of all fusible metal; and the golden vessel placed in the right hand of the statue was probably appropriated by the savage who first touched the top step of the corkscrew-stair within the column. But the more solid and interesting portion, in fact the mass of the monument, remains entire. It is valuable to the student, if not to the artist; the numerous sculptures with which it is incrustured in bas-relief remaining untouched by time or violence.

By the side of this famous monument are still to be seen portions of columns once the colonnade of the Ulpian Basilica. They have been replaced, or may have survived buried in the mass of earth that has risen all round the Forum, and which has been excavated in modern times. The memory of that enclosure survives in a modern Piazza, but the earth has risen a dozen feet above the old level. The temples of Rome, with a few exceptions, are no more. Portions of peristyles, such as the three great columns in the Campo Vaccino, the apsidal ends of the Temples of Venus and Rome, and a tolerably complete front of that of Antoninus and Faustina, are the best that can be shown of the larger buildings. Others have been partially re-arranged, as the Temple of Concord; and fragments may be seen incorporated in Christian churches. The Pantheon was not a temple at all; and, like the more complete and colossal baths, its uses continued, perhaps, up to a late period in history. So too the Colosseum. The barbarian search was for metal, as the numerous square holes in the walls remind us. Access was obtained by these diggings to the iron dowels by which the stones were fastened together. But in the Trajan and Antonine columns these useful objects escaped detection, or, from their height, such scanty treasures could not repay the labour of searching. And works that were not obnoxious to the intense hatred entertained in the early Christian ages towards the worship of the old heathen world, and that were too massive and in portions too few to repay the search for iron, were also happily saved from a destruction more modern and more complete. The Rome that sprung up after the mediæval period and the final cessation of anti-papal

schisms was new and splendid. Practically, the Rome we now see dates from and after that period; and it was built out of the materials found at hand. Columns that were applicable, blocks that could be moved and handled, went to build or repair churches and palaces. Happily these huge constructed columns would not serve either purpose. The Column of Trajan is rather a tower than a pillar; and it is built up of vast masses of marble, each having the complete diameter of the building, of which each may be said to be a "drum," the stairs being excavated within.

Thus has come down to our times a remarkable memorial of Roman history—Egyptian in mass and equally Egyptian in the character of its ornamentation—which is an exact representation of contemporaneous military history. The whole work is a memorable illustration of the greatness and the littleness of Rome, of its imperial grandeur and its artistic poverty. It is considered to be essentially a Roman production. The name of the architect has been preserved—Apollodorus. If the sound of his name has a suspicion of Greek about it, the general character both of the structure and the bas-reliefs that form its decoration is certainly Roman.

Greece in her subjugation was pronounced to have become the master of her conqueror in all that related to art. It is difficult to believe that any but Greek artists provided, for the luxurious ages of the empire, the countless multitude of excellent statues, reliefs, and paintings of which so many examples have been found, and which still from time to time come to light. It was a period of decadence no doubt; for the more celebrated of these pieces are known to be reproductions from the famous works of which they bear the authors' names. The artists, however, who could reproduce in such perfection and with such ease must have been a wonderful race of men. The more we study the commoner remains of household decoration, extending from the walls of banqueting-rooms and audience-chambers to the utensils of the shop and the kitchen, the more astonishing is the mastery exhibited over all kinds of material. The die-sinkers and gem-cutters of Florence, the glass-blowers of Venice, in the most prosperous days of each, are feeble and limited in range and variety when we compare them to the happy fecundity of the workmen, in such materials, who ministered to the luxury of the first and two following centuries of our era, when the Roman nobility covered the coasts of Campania with their villas and gardens. Traces of their foundations may be followed now, step by step, on the fore shore of the Mediterranean in those parts of the coast; and the shingle is composed, in great part, of fragments and tesserae of marble, that faced and paved those luxurious residences.

The Romans learned to appreciate with the intellect, and to enjoy these things as highly-trained and splendid gentlemen have learned in later times, and as unimaginative men yet understand and appreciate the galleries and museums of modern Europe. The Romans, however, cannot be called essentially artists. The great public and national works which they erected in their municipal, apart from their private and individual character proclaim this aloud. The architecture of their temples is colossal. The materials they built with are costly and splendid. They were procured with an imperial disregard of cost and of the exchequer of the district or country honoured with the order to provide these splendours. But they are coarse and vulgar, as compared with Greek originals, in all their detail. We are subdued by the sight of their size, rather than their exhibition of any inherent grace. The Roman mind is expressed in the size, strength, and durability of their works; and those works are most imposing that most express these qualities. It is as engineers that the Roman builders have most influenced the modern world. "Where they conquered, they inhabited." Where they inhabited, they provided the necessities of their material civilisation: fortresses, roads, aqueducts, ports; temples too, as part of the function of government, though they did not interfere materially with existing belief or worship.

It is as the representative of this great imperial mind, and its comparative coldness to the fire of imagination, that the Trajan Column possesses so deep an interest. As our readers are aware, this was erected by the Senate to commemorate the Dacian triumphs of the Emperor. It was to serve as his tomb, and his ashes were laid, accordingly, in a small niche in a chamber constructed specially for this use in the plinth of the column. The worthy senators had the conceit to regulate the exact height of the entire structure so that it should represent the original level of the hill; a sort of promontory or tongue running from the Quirinal to the Capitoline hill, cut away to provide room for the large Ulpian Basilica and temple, in the court of which the column stood. This fact, as well as the architect's name, has been commemorated in the legend cut on the plinth.

The vast Basilica formed an oblong court covered in, with apsidal terminations; and the roof was supported as in those structures roofs usually were, the beams forming coved compartments, like the inside of the tortoise-shell. Above the colonnades were galleries or rooms, the windows of which gave a view of the court in front, in which the column stood. Hence, what now strikes us as the exceeding inappropriateness of minute sculpture, continued till it is, as we now see it, quite out of sight or possibility of being deciphered, had formerly no

existence. Either from the court, or from the windows of the Basilica, or the windows or parapets of lower buildings which attached to the temple in front, the whole historical series of sculptures was perfectly distinguishable. Time, fire, and weather had not darkened and discoloured the column to its present tone; and no doubt the white marble told its history clearly enough.

But the very first impression we have is the vulgarity of the general outline. A column is a support; it supports a superincumbent mass, and provides open space in place of a solid wall. Its shaft, rounded to give the utmost economy of space and strength, stands on a base larger in diameter, to give it safer and firmer tread on the ground below, and to give more resistance to the blows and accidents incident to the ground level. It bulges above into a capital, that may bring down the weight from a larger surface, and gradually concentrate this on the centre of the shaft. The ornaments of the capital, bracketwise, conduct the eye agreeably through the transition from perpendicular to horizontal. The whole idea, then, of a column or pillar is dissipated when the proportions are exaggerated to such a scale that the duty and meaning of support and concentration of strength under superincumbent weight become impossible. If Apollodorus or his masters accomplished any feat at all in their design, it was one of engineering skill. The result was bigness.

The Trajan Column is a tower, and only made in the form of an inconceivable pillar. The reader may see casts of the detail of capital, base, &c. in the Museum at Kensington, where also, as we shall presently notice, casts of portions of the bas-reliefs are to be seen. The egg-moulding of the Doric capital is monstrous, fit to have been dropped by one of Sinbad's rocs. So with the torus of the base. As a tower, this structure might have been beautiful. Nor would there be any impropriety in such external ornament as the spiral band of sculpture, where it could be conveniently examined and kept from exposure to injury. But a tower is one thing, and a pillar another. One is a natural form of structure, where height and extent of view are wanted. The other is bounded as to size by its relation to that which it is called on to support. Trajan's Column is neither of these things, though it professes to be one of them, and ought to have been the other.

Infinitely grander is the detail, though huge and florid, of the great Basilica that stood before it. The Roman is always greater as a builder than as an artist, and greater as engineer than as architect. If the columns of his architecture are enormous, so are his architraves and pediments; and the huge and commonplace decorations of his architectural members are carried off by the general and imposing

splendour of vast buildings. As desirous, however, to compliment and do honour to a reigning hero and prince, the Senate and their architect were anxious to do something out of the common. Monolithic monuments, in the form of obelisks a hundred feet high, had been brought at vast cost and trouble from Egypt, and the proud Roman thought it time to invent some similar memorial for himself. The bigness of the Roman's architecture was proportionate to the size of the monolithic shafts procurable from the quarries of Asia or Africa for his columns. A column, therefore, was the triumph, as it was the measure, of his feats in this kind. To make a column bigger than any the world had ever seen would be, then, a new feat, though it embodied no new idea. To him the conquest over the impossible was everything, the seizure of the ideal or the infinite nothing. We cannot but think that, if ever our Lords Mayor become realities, the splendours of their London are likely to embody some such triumphs, if indeed they ever do half so much.

If, however, Apollodorus was insensible to poverty of imagination, in imperialness of execution he is superb. The form of his monument once decided, and the conceit above named—such as survives amongst navvies and engineers of railway works, of leaving cones or shafts to show the old level of the ground—having furnished the proper height of the column, the work began in earnest. Nothing can be more worthy of Roman engineering. The shaft, a hundred Roman feet in height, is composed of nineteen solid blocks, some five feet in height, over twelve feet in diameter, and that after reduction by cutting away to the surface of the sculpture. The block out of which the upper cornice of the plinth is cut is twenty-two feet square. Each of these enormous masses contains a certain proportion of the stair and of the column in which it centres. These are excavated out of the blocks. The blocks or drums are connected by T-shaped iron dowels. The foundations must be admirably constructed, as the enormous weight of material, so close in grain, presses on a limited area of ground. It remains, however, perfectly perpendicular to this day.

The total measurements of the column are, in height a hundred and fifteen feet, without counting nine feet six inches of pedestal. Of this the plinth takes eighteen, the shaft itself, with cap and base, ninety-seven feet, or one hundred Roman feet; from which it got the name of *columna centenaria*, as it had that of corkscrews or corkscrew from the general effect of its exterior, the sculptures forming a spiral band round the shaft. The diameter of the torus in the base is nearly three feet, of the egg moulding and necking, two feet.

With the general effect and outline of the column the public are

familiar. Many of our readers have seen it for themselves; all know it from photographs and engravings. The most accurate of the latter is to be found in the work of Piranesi. From him these measurements are taken; and they have been verified by Taylor and Cressy. To the same work we shall refer the reader for details of sculpture in a future paper. For the present we are concerned only with a general discussion of a well-known Roman monument. Its magnificence has been a theme often enlarged on, and this it well deserves, all defects notwithstanding.

It is eminently Roman. Vulgar we have called it, from the excessive insensibility it shows to the very principles of architecture as an art. But it is a vulgarity almost redeemed by the grandeur of its scale and the splendour of its cost. Weight and size appealed to the Roman mind. The Greek was an artist, but he was in slavery. The subtle and delicate powers of his mind had given him the mastery over his conqueror, but it was because he became necessary to the conqueror's enjoyment. Probably Greek ministrations did not contribute to the elevation of such morals as the Roman had. He despised the "hungry Greekling" for his weakness and his vices, and consoled himself thereby for his own inferiority in imaginative and intellectual refinement. So in art the Roman appreciated, as strong intellects often do, where imagination is wanting, such sides or aspects of art as could be brought down to useful and practical purposes. So much comprehension of it as this formed part of the education of his class. Higher, more subtle devotion to art it was not in his nature to feel. Monstrous combinations or gross violations of the instincts of the artist would not affect the solid Roman; and every senator was very probably delighted with this contrivance of their architect and of themselves in honour of their common master.

And further it is to be remarked, that as this work is Roman all over, so it marks the turning-point of great changes in Roman art. The Roman power was tending to its fall. The Dacian and Indian exploits of Trajan shed a last light over the military power of the Romans, and maintained the aggressive character of their arms, the secret of their growth. The vitality of such a body ferments and exudes; and when it loses energy for this, its life is on the wane. The weight of the vast Roman name long delayed the last break-up; but after Hadrian and the Antonines the "decline and fall" begins. Whatever might be in store for Rome as a state, such art as had become really Roman did not long outlive the reign of Trajan. The column raised in honour of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus is an exact, or nearly an exact, reproduction of that of Trajan. There are slight differences in the measurements of the diameter, and the sculptures

of course differ. But they are far inferior in every respect, and form a link between the good work of the days of Trajan, and such art as is to be found in the third and fourth centuries down to the age of Constantine. Of great public monuments, elaborate with sculpture, this column of Trajan seems to be the last that shows the higher attainments of Roman artists. We have not space here to enter on the details of the sculpture. But all that could be taught to the Romans will be found to have been carefully acquired and well exemplified therein. What is wanting is that which cannot be imparted by any teaching. And this is evident even in the outline of the whole. Strong practical intellects despise refinements that do not square with their own perceptions. But the "quality of imagination is not strained." It is not always easy to explain in words and arguments why this is good and that bad, one thing obviously right and others wrong. But it can be perceived, though it cannot be described; for the perceptive faculty is a gift. The poet is not made; he is born.

This special monument, then, so grand and so faulty, so interesting from the minuteness of its records of Roman life, and so little injured after well-nigh eighteen centuries, is forcibly put before us by the casts of it erected in the Museum in South Kensington. We owe them to the kindness of the French Emperor, who has had the entire surface of the shaft and all other portions of it cast in electrotype. The greatest difficulty is where to erect a *cast* of so large a monument. The French nation, indeed, have produced a sort of copy of this column in the Place Vendôme. The classical spirit of the empire insisted on the reproduction of emblems and memorials of the Roman rule. It is understood to be the intention of the present Emperor to erect this cast in Paris entire. If, however, it is made, as in the specimen in our own museum, in plaster, it must be erected under shelter; and no covered space can be conceived large enough to do justice to such a mass and height. If placed in the well of a staircase, it might be studied, but could not be *seen*. About a sixth part of the shaft, beginning from the base, has been obtained for the museum. Even this limited portion contains upwards of *seventy* large casts, which have been wisely placed together, as well as the shrinking of the material would allow, without any attempt to mend the joints. The work may therefore be studied at leisure.

In a future paper we hope to notice these interesting sculptures. For the present it is enough to invite attention to this remarkable monument as a whole. Architecture is, at this period of violent re-building and enlarging energy, of vast importance. We fear it is little understood. What is worse, there seems very little real love of

its higher dignity and excellence, so that our buildings pass muster for size or neatness, and the decorations are tolerable repetitions of what has once been famous. Our London and English notions are soon satisfied; if indeed this satisfaction be not a concession to jealousy of our French neighbours and their showy and brilliant metropolis.

We demur to more than one of the ruling principles in these matters. First, we cannot subscribe to the opinion, very Roman and Imperial, that because our works are costly, or even (which has more to be said for it) because the materials are precious, that the results will be worthy of us. Nor should we be misled by the argument of size. If there is absolutely no choice but between big things and little, let us have the big as the Roman had; but the Temple of Jupiter Stator, or of the Sun, was not certainly superior to that of Pallas Athene, nor even equal to that of Victory without wings, of which a hundred copies could have been erected as so many shrines in any moderate imperial temple. Monotonous Victoria-street and heavy Cannon-street are better than the dismal alleys that sheltered the nobility under the early Georges; but we want more than height and size, which may become tyrannical and oppressive to the thoughts. And though sculptures, historical and decorative, are the real glory of buildings, mere multiplication of elaborate stone-carving, such as we may see in certain monster hotels, will not fulfil this duty. The massive tower of Trajan is dressed up with details and features borrowed from an architectural member incomplete in itself, and not capable of indefinite enlargement, even in its right place; not of all its parts in the same proportion. Base and capital, torus and so forth, are proportioned to shafts *on a certain scale*, but not on any conceivable scale as is here tried. Whether, too, the unsheltered elevation of an enormous post, reared 130 feet into the air, be an appropriate place for Trajan, Napoleon, or Nelson, is a question that may well be discussed. Here, perhaps, sun and climate are also to be considered.

J. H. P.

Catholic Questions for the New Session.

PARLIAMENT will have assembled before our present Number has been a week in our readers' hands. And what about Parliament? What are our hopes and fears of the coming session? We are not expected to be oracular about Reform, or about the prospects of rival parties. In such matters as these we have but slight hopes or fears, predilections or antipathies. Whoever will help to remove the pressure of penal disqualifications from the profession of the Catholic faith, and to deliver our orphans and prisoners from persecution and perversion,

"Tros Rutulave fuat, nullo discrimine habetur."

Let him be the most ardent champion of manhood suffrage, or the most regretful admirer of the old palmy days of Toryism, he is equally our friend. The only politicians whom we can in no sense admire, and from whom we recoil with something of nausea, are Protestants who make vehement declarations of their zeal for religious liberty and the rights of conscience, and yet will not lift a finger to lighten the cruel yoke under which thousands of the most helpless classes continue year after year to groan, solely because they do not renounce the faith which throughout the chief parts of Christendom is identical with Christianity itself; and still more, Catholics, if any such there be, who are so inconsistent with what they call their religion as to persuade themselves, or act as if they had persuaded themselves, that the forced apostasy of multitudes of Catholic children, the exclusion from the consolations of religion of multitudes of paupers and prisoners, the demoralisation of the rising generation, and the bitter hatred to Government engendered in the victims of oppression, and, more or less, in the whole Irish race, are evils which they are not absolutely bound to endeavour to remedy, even at the risk, if need be, of affronting or of weakening the political party to which they adhere, or of strengthening the hands of their opponents, or of delaying some other legislative measure in which they are interested.

We may be asked whether we have not any information to give, or any expectations to disclose, of the probable fate of the Catholic cause in the present session. We are afraid that we have very little to communicate. We should not know how to take even the first step towards the concoction of such paragraphs as those in which the editors of various daily and weekly papers assure us "on good authority" a month beforehand that this or that measure is to be introduced or withdrawn. We do not claim any special Star-light or Owl-light of our own by which to read the future, nor indeed any

light at all but such as is common to our readers and ourselves. We could, of course, if we gave vent to our feelings, run on to almost any length in discoursing of the outrages themselves to which, nearly forty years after the nominal emancipation of Catholics in these realms, a large number of them are still subjected, and of the reasonableness of the measures of relief which we hope to see carried: but then we should be only repeating the substance of former articles, to which it is sufficient to refer any reader to whom, not being himself one of the victims, the mention of legally-sanctioned oppression of Catholics as still in force may sound strange. All we propose to do, then, is to add a few words to our August article (*Audi alteram partem*), so as to complete the state of the case, as far as we are acquainted with it, to the present date; and to suggest that, besides insisting on relief from the intolerable wrongs under which particular classes of Catholics labour in England, the present is a suitable time for pressing more strongly than ever the claim of Catholics in Ireland to some approach to fairness of treatment with regard to that religious education of both their higher and lower classes from which they cannot be turned aside, and the continued interference with which by the State, in the vain hope of bolstering up Protestant ascendancy, makes all other offers of pacification as much of a misnomer as the *Eirenicon*.

We mentioned incidentally in a note in our January Number that, since we last called attention to the condition of Catholic children in workhouse schools, the guardians of the Strand Union had consented to transfer the Catholic children under their charge in the London workhouse to a Catholic orphanage. We may add to this, that in several individual cases that have come to our knowledge lately, the guardians of other unions have shown themselves more ready than formerly both to admit proof of the child's creed and to consent to his being placed under Catholic management. This is encouraging, as a sign that even the imperfect amount of agitation with which we have hitherto been satisfied has not been without fruit, and that probably the minds of London guardians are beginning to admit a dim foreboding that the process of forcing young Papists into apostasy at the expense of the rates to which Catholics are made to contribute their share, and which press with especial heaviness on purely charitable Catholic institutions, such as the houses of the Sisters of Charity, is one that they will not be much longer allowed to continue. At the same time we must remind our readers, that the horrors on which we enlarged last year remain, upon the whole, the same. At the close of last session a temporary Poor-law Bill was hastily patched up and passed, with a sort of promise that Government would consider during the recess what was to be done. Few who have read the reports of coroners' inquests or poor-house investigations during the last six months will deny that it is incumbent on the legislature to interfere sufficiently with the guardians, as either to force them to become in some true sense guardians of the *sick and infirm* poor, or to provide the latter with other guardians. Surely, then, we may hope, if we will only take

the trouble to reiterate our demands with sufficient energy and perseverance, that effectual measures will be taken at the same time to secure to our destitute poor the free practice of their religion, and to prevent their children from being trained in a hostile creed. At present, except for such partial relents of guardians in particular cases as those to which we have alluded, things are as they were. Some of the largest of the great district schools in the suburbs of London, to which hundreds of Catholic children are drafted every year, are still hermetically sealed against the entrance of a Catholic clergyman. In the others he is admitted once a week to see the few out of the whole number of Catholic children whose relations have been able to trace them out and make good their claim to have them ranked as Catholics; and even these are treated as Protestants at other times. It is still in the power of guardians to prevent all the Catholics under their charge from ever hearing Mass, or joining in any religious service, and even to keep a clergyman from a dying member of his flock, on the ground that a man in his last agony has not made the "special application" for his minister, on which they hold that the state of the law enables them to insist. Our new Emancipation Bill must evidently secure four things; and when it is drawn up, we hope that the sad lessons of past experience will secure the constant attendance of Catholic members to prevent the introduction, which will certainly be attempted, of insidious clauses which destroy all the efficacy of the enactments. We must have it made legally certain, that the guardians are bound to ascertain and register the religion professed by all adults, and by the parents or relatives or god-parents of those too young to give an account of their own faith; that the Catholic clergymen of the nearest Catholic chapel, or any specially deputed by the Bishop, shall have free access at all times to every Catholic adult and child in every workhouse, workhouse school, or other institution supported by the poor-rates; that all Catholic children under a certain age no longer *may*, but *must* be transferred to any Catholic institution within twenty miles, approved by the poor-law inspectors, that is open to receive them; and that whenever the number of Catholics in any one workhouse or school is so great as to require the whole care of a Catholic clergyman—say, for instance, when it amounts to a hundred—the guardians shall be bound to pay him a reasonable salary out of the rates. We might fairly demand under the third head, that one building should be set apart for the Catholic children, as is done for Catholic convicts; and when the proper separation was made, it would be very easy to assign one of the district schools to Catholics; but if the fourth of our proposed enactments were carried, some such arrangement would probably be agreed to by the guardians themselves.

With regard to our prisoners, all that we have heard since August confirms the conclusions to which we then came. There is the same sort of feeling on the part of the magistrates who manage the prisons as is shown by some boards of guardians, that if they do not make some concessions, the legislature will probably interfere again; but in the great majority of prisons this is not sufficiently

strong to induce any material change of system. The *Prisons Ministers Act* is still a dead letter as to the Catholics in four-fifths of the prisons under the management of magistrates. We have received letters from a great number of Catholic priests who visit these prisons; and, while several of them testify to a little more respect for the provisions of the *Prison Act* of 1865, and to greater facilities in consequence for seeing Catholic prisoners in private, they almost all speak of the hardship of being still prevented from conducting any religious service, and, where the number of their flock is large, of the practical frustration of their ministry by the absurd prohibition against giving instruction to more than one at a time. Even if priests could be found with independent means, and nothing else to do, this prohibition would have the effect in the larger prisons of depriving many Catholics of the Sacraments; since it would be physically impossible to prepare them all if the necessary elementary instructions, involving many hours of oral repetition, which each of the utterly ignorant requires, could only be given to them one after the other. But when this obstacle is added to the refusal of all support for the visiting priest, and the only time therefore at his disposal is what he can subtract from other duties, it is evident that it can be only in the very few prisons where the number of Catholic prisoners is quite small that they derive much benefit from the permission to be visited. The three London prisons that figured in the correspondence to which we drew attention in August have each of them the advantage, which would scarcely be found elsewhere, of Catholic clergymen, who are enabled, without receiving any salary from the magistrates, to devote their whole time to the Catholic prisoners; but each of the two priests, one of whom attends Clerkenwell and Coldbath-fields, and the other Tothill-fields, finds this prohibition the sore hindrance that it was probably intended to be.

The visiting justices of Tothill-fields, who, as our readers will remember, have been unfortunate on former occasions when they condescended to give reasons for their conduct, obtained in February last an opinion from counsel on a case submitted by themselves, to the effect that they were "not empowered to permit prisoners of a religious persuasion differing from that of the Church of England to be visited, or to receive religious instruction from a minister of their persuasion, in numbers, or otherwise than in their separate cells." Considering that in those prisons in which a Catholic chaplain has been appointed and paid, he is not only allowed, but required to minister to his flock assembled for service, and that in Coldbath-fields, although the number is vexatiously limited to twelve, this number is permitted to assemble by brother justices, almost equally desirous with those of Tothill-fields to strain the law to the prejudice of Catholics, this legal opinion could not but astonish us. It was, however, a shield from which all the various urgent applications for an alteration of the system, to which the failing health and constant disappointment of overworked priests gave rise, rebounded at once. "The lawyers have spoken: *causa finita est*. We are not empowered to permit Catholics to receive religious instruction otherwise

than in their separate cells." In vain was it pleaded: "There are always, on an average, 250 Roman Catholic prisoners in this prison, the greater part of whom are ignorant even of the most elementary truths of religion; and these are continually changing, so that more than 2000 different prisoners look to the one priest every year for instruction. He is obliged at present to take one of these separately, and after spending half an hour in teaching her part, say, of the Lord's Prayer, to go over the same task with another, and so on, to as many of the 250 as time and strength will permit; whereas the one half-hour would have sufficed to give the same amount of instruction to fifty at once. The fatigue of such work can hardly be conceived. The result has already been, that the priest appointed to attend the prison in April last was in September obliged to resign, utterly broken down in health from fatigue and overwork." The magistrates could only regret that they were not empowered to permit religious instruction to be given to Catholics otherwise than in separate cells. We had not in August seen the case prepared for the counsel who gave this opinion. We find, now that we have seen it, that some very material expressions of the Act of 1865 were omitted. In November last the same case, with these omissions supplied, and a few remarks upon them added, was laid before the Solicitor-general and Mr. Day. We give their decision, for the benefit of any who may have to deal with consciences as legally tender as those of the visiting justices of Tothill-fields Prison:

"We are of opinion that the visiting justices of the Middlesex county prisons are at liberty to permit prisoners of a religious persuasion differing from that of the Established Church to be visited by and to receive religious instruction from a minister of their persuasion in large or small numbers, or otherwise than in their separate cells, subject to such regulations as they may think right. We are further of opinion that they are at liberty to permit Roman Catholic prisoners in their prisons to be assembled for religious service, to be performed by the Roman Catholic priest attending on the prison, subject to such regulations as may be thought right.

"W. BOVILL.
"JOHN C. DAY.

"*Temple, 23d November 1866.*"

Who that did not know the nature of Middlesex magistrates would have doubted that such a decision would be quite sufficient? To them it makes no difference. They simply "see no reason" for permitting a priest whom the law forces on them—although unfortunately it does not force them either to remunerate him for his services, or to allow him to make them effective—to have any facilities for his work that they can withhold. How little they really thought of the legal opinion which they brandished in the face of the priest, was curiously shown by the fact that even after getting it and quoting it, they continued so to arrange things that all the religious instruction given the Catholic prisoners was always given "otherwise than in their separate cells." In fact, the priest was not even allowed to instruct them in their cells. The plan was always to assemble twenty or thirty in a gallery where the priest might just as well have been allowed to speak to them together,

and to send them in one by one to the adjoining room in which he sat. So that if their counsel had been right in their interpretation of the law, it was broken every day. The Act of 1865 manifestly contemplated religious services and collective instructions for Catholics; for Protestant caution, to prevent the danger of their being attended by Protestant prisoners, inserted a clause to that effect: but unfortunately no provision was made to secure what was contemplated.

All, therefore, that we have as yet gained for our prisoners is permission for a priest to see them one by one, when they have succeeded in overcoming the difficulties of their registration, and have not said anything that can be construed into an "objection" to see him. Any "Act for the Suppression of Persecution for Religion in Prisons" should insist on a salaried Catholic chaplain wherever there are fifty Catholic prisoners, and must absolutely give him, whether salaried or not, the same facilities for instruction and worship as those possessed by the Protestant chaplain. We might certainly fairly claim that the Catholic poor in workhouses and prisons in England, who amount to a third of the whole number, should be as well supplied with the means of religious instruction as the insignificant minority of Protestants in workhouses and prisons in Ireland. In that case, we should at the least, as the article in our last Number showed, have a paid chaplain in every such institution. But surely the time has come for insisting on payment where the number to be instructed is such as to demand the whole services of a priest, and for insisting, in all cases, on the removal of obstacles to the very work for which he is appointed.

Some philanthropists of the Whatelean school have been lately renewing with great vigour the crusade against beggars, and the number of committals of Catholics to prison has proportionately increased. Our starving poor, even when they can fight their way into the overcrowded vagrant wards at night, are turned out, be it remembered, into the icy streets at 7 A.M. If, between that time and the hour for returning to the comforts and decencies of the workhouse at night, they are seen by a policeman or by a Whatelean amateur to accept or ask for an alms, they may be sent to prison for a month. Is not this penalty enough, without depriving them of all religious instruction and religious worship while undergoing their sentence? And is it not an absurdity which sensible men of all schools must recognise, if we can only, by keeping the subject before them, bring them to attend to it, to call prisons "Houses of Correction," and to insert in the preambles of Prison-Acts declarations of the importance of moral and religious instruction as an element of reformation, and yet to persevere in debarring a third of those who are sent to prison to be reformed of the only religious influences to which they will yield, and when the priest, whose ministry alone would soften and subdue them, is admitted, to let him be treated by the magistrates as if he were an intruder whom it was to be their aim to hinder and hamper as much as possible? Even on the very lowest ground of expediency it is worth the attention of states-

men to consider, what must be the effect of the present treatment of Catholics in workhouses and prisons in continually adding to the discontented classes fresh streams of men intensely embittered against the nation by whom they have been oppressed, and at the same time set loose from the restraints which the only religion that they believe in, if they had been allowed its influences, would have imposed upon them; and again, whether the whole body of Catholics in England and Ireland, although gravitating by their religious instincts to the side of loyalty and order, can ever become ardent supporters of any Government that continues thus to oppress them in the persons of their poorer brethren.

The same kind of question might be asked even more emphatically with regard to the intolerance still upheld by law in Ireland itself. We are not going to enter upon the question of the Church Establishment there. We could not say anything that has not been said again and again, and far more strongly, by Protestants themselves.* And it is too wide a subject for the close of an article. Moreover, if we looked at it merely in the light of a proposed transfer of the 75 per cent still paid by Irish landlords, mostly Protestants, from the pockets of Protestant ministers to their own, we should hardly consider the question as one of those that are removed from the domain of party politics, and about which all Catholics can have only one feeling. But looking at the ruinous effects of the insane pertinacity with which successive Governments continue to sacrifice justice and toleration on the altar of Protestant ascendancy, and considering the Protestant Establishment as the chief support on which the claim itself rests, we can hardly say less than that, unless the more flagrantly unjust workings of this claim are speedily abandoned, all Catholics and all fair-minded men must insist on the downfall of the Establishment which gives it life. We are not, however, about to discuss this question now. It is hardly ripe for solution in this present session, and our attention is confined to measures of redress for which it is not extravagant to look even to this session. But the leading organs of public opinion have been vieing with one another lately in declaring that, while a speedy demolition of the Established Church in Ireland is impracticable, any less sweeping measure that can be shown to be just and really desired ought unquestionably to be granted. Now circumstances have drawn special attention at this time to the disqualifications under which the majority of the Irish nation lie in the matter of education.

There is, first, the refusal to allow them any university education, except at the sacrifice of their religious convictions. "In other countries," to quote from a late speech of his Eminence Cardinal Cullen, "even in those subject to the Crown of England, there are a great number of universities treated differently. In Canada there is a university which lately obtained a charter from her Majesty, of

* The compilation by Mr. Aubrey de Vere—*The Church Establishment in Ireland, illustrated exclusively by Protestant authorities*—is a useful collection of such testimonies.

which the visitor is the Archbishop of Quebec, the professors and directors are all priests of the great congregation of St. Sulpice. There was no difficulty in granting them a charter. There are other universities in Canada which have also charters, and some of them have been endowed, though the population of the whole country altogether does not amount to three millions. Here the Protestants of Ireland, though they only number six or seven hundred thousand, have one of the most richly endowed universities in the world under their control, and five or six millions of Catholics are left without any university of their own. But this Catholic college, this Catholic university, founded under so many difficulties and sacrifices, and at so much expense by the people of Ireland, is refused the right of giving degrees, though the privilege we ask for has been granted to petty towns in Canada.* Trinity College was founded, according to the express terms of its original charter, for the purpose of propagating Protestantism and attacking the Catholic religion; and it has always been faithful to its trust. With landed property reaching to nearly a hundredth part of the whole soil of Ireland, and with 30,000*l.* a year of fees, it is prominently and essentially a well-provided fortress in the capital of a Catholic country to keep up a war against the national religion. Of the comparatively few Catholics who have exposed themselves, or have been exposed, to the dangers inseparable from the Trinity College course, it is well known that a large proportion have abandoned their religion. The answer to the cry of the Irish for a university of their own was the insult of founding three new colleges and a new university, and wasting 25,000*l.* a year of the public money upon them, with the full knowledge that Catholics could no more avail themselves of them than of Trinity College, without exposing their faith to danger and doing violence to their religious convictions. Besides the condemnation of the Queen's Colleges by the Holy See and by the Synod of Thurles, the sort of teaching to which Catholics would have to submit in them may be judged of by a fact mentioned by Monsignor Woodlock in a late appeal, that one of the professors in his *History of Civilisation* applauds without any limitation the first French Revolution, and compares Luther and Mahomet to our Lord. According to the census of 1861, there were 6360 young Catholics in Ireland receiving that sort of scholastic and collegiate education that would naturally fit them to proceed to a university. On the 17th of May in the same year there were five Catholics only at Trinity College. For more than twenty years the Catholic University—the only one in Ireland that any Catholic could attend without disloyalty to his own faith—has been allowed to stand in the shade; and the common justice of allowing it the same privileges that Trinity College and the superfluous additional colleges enjoyed has been refused. It did not ask for endowments or aid—it asked only for the power of conferring degrees, and it asked in vain. Scotland may have Presbyterian

* Reported in *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* of last month, to which we are indebted for some of our facts also.

universities; the Dissenters in England obtained a university; even Catholics in Canada may have universities; Presbyterians in Ireland, and the few bold or bad Catholics who could be tempted by high bribes to unite themselves to them, were to have a separate university to themselves, and have it largely endowed; but a whole Catholic nation, taxing its poverty to maintain in efficiency the noble work so gloriously founded by Dr. Newman, was to be pertinaciously refused legal recognition. Besides the serious injury inflicted on the education itself of Catholics by this refusal, we should remember that it carries with it a variety of disqualifications. Thus both barristers and solicitors in Ireland who do not obtain a degree are delayed one or two years in their progress, and are obliged to follow additional courses of lectures and to pay heavy additional fees; and the 329 Catholic medical students must abandon the hope of attaining the title of M.D. and the professional advantages attached to it.

The late Government granted on the 25th of last June a Supplemental Charter to the Queen's University of Ireland, by which the Senate was empowered to admit to examinations and degrees other persons besides those educated in a Queen's College. The object of this grant was, of course, to remedy, in that niggardly, hesitating way in which it has been the fashion unfortunately to meet Catholic demands for fair treatment, the great grievance under which the Irish nation had so long laboured in the matter of university education. It ignored the Catholic University, the fruit of so much heroic sacrifice, and merely permitted its students or any Catholics to obtain a degree from a Protestant Board without first violating the prohibitions of the Church. It was not *approved*, but merely acquiesced in by the Bishops; and of seven concessions which they asked to be embodied in the plans, in order to make it less unsatisfactory, hardly one is contained in the grant. Yet even this was thought too much. The ministry were violently attacked by the Protestant-ascendancy party for their concession, and measures were taken to defeat it. Early in November a petition was filed in the Court of Chancery, praying for an injunction to restrain the Senate from accepting or acting upon the Supplemental Charter. On the 5th of December judgment was delivered, declaring that the matter was such as, if sustained by proof, would call for the interference of the Court of Chancery, so as to prevent all future action, and granting an *ad-interim* injunction restraining the Senate from proceeding with their arrangements. If the case is ever argued, it will be a long affair; and then there will be appeals to higher courts. "A considerable number" of the students of the Catholic University, Dr. Woodlock tells us, "intended to present themselves for the Matriculation Examination, which was advertised to be held on the 7th of January. These young men find themselves suddenly stopped at the beginning of their course, they are forbidden to earn by diligence and study the rewards of learning. They are reminded that they are students of the *Catholic University*, and a new style of persecution for conscience' sake is enforced against them; or rather a new mode of applying the old system of excluding Catholics from the benefits of education. This is indeed, in the words

of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, 'inflicting civil disabilities for religious opinions.' Here, then, is a critical opportunity of testing the sincerity of politicians of all hues who profess a readiness to remedy real grievances and to grant the Irish any reasonable demand. A favourable vote of the House of Commons would be followed by a proper charter to the one University of the Irish nation's choice, and the Supplemental Charter might fall into deserved oblivion.

In the last place, can anyone doubt that the reason for restricting assistance in Ireland to schools for the middle and lower classes from which religious teaching is professedly excluded, while in England every sect is allowed to teach its poor their own system of religion, is simply a jealousy of the Catholic faith and a concession to Protestant ascendancy? The passages in Dr. Whately's life, to which we lately drew attention, show, further, that the national schools in Ireland were intended to be instruments of aggression. Surely this also is a reasonable demand, that, while the State chooses to give aid to the work of elementary instruction, it should not follow one plan where Catholics are in a minority, and the very opposite plan where they constitute the bulk of the nation, merely because this opposite plan involves discouragement and insult to their faith. We must continually reiterate the same question till all but the most bigoted can be brought to answer it. How would Protestants like to be so treated? What would they think of the prohibition of Protestant Bibles and books of devotion, and of all Protestant teaching, as the condition of aid to schools mainly established and supported by themselves, and attended almost exclusively by Protestant children?

It is one of the cuckoo cries of a certain portion of the press to speak of Catholics and of the Irish as "never satisfied," and as "asking for exceptional legislation." If Protestants would take the trouble to find out what we really want, they would see that it is only the removal of exceptional legislation by which we are oppressed, and that we ought not to be, and cannot be, satisfied until we obtain it. We ask for the same recognition of the rights of conscience for our orphans as we have obtained for our soldiers, the same treatment of Catholic prisoners in borough and county as in convict prisons, for something less of consideration for our thousands than is freely given to a few score of Presbyterians in the south of Ireland. We ask for the great bulk of the Irish nation that they may not be subjected to disqualifications for their religion, to please a small minority, from which Dissenters in England are exempt. What the probability of success may be in the present session, we have, as we said at first, no special means of judging. We only know that it depends not only on the continued earnestness of our prayers, but on our continued and outspoken reiteration of our demands. If we will not let ourselves be wearied, or cajoled, or bullied out of pressing them in their entirety, and if we persist in repeating and explaining them until the misrepresentations of those who put false constructions upon them are exposed to all the world, we shall not have to wait very long for their accomplishment.

Ancor-Viat—A New Giant City.

IF any would-be discoverer of ancient monuments is envious of the laurels of Mr. Layard and other celebrities of the same class, let him at once set out by the Overland Route, and make his way as fast as he can to Ancor-Viat. Few people have yet heard of it, but if what is said of it be true, it must be simply the most stupendous collection of magnificent monuments in the world. If the traveller in Central America, who, like Mr. Stephens, quits the beaten tracks and plunges into the depths of vast forests, is amazed at the ruins of Copan, Palenque, Uxmal, and Chichen, with their huge truncated pyramids, palaces, corridors, and sculptured bas-reliefs, he would, it seems, be still more surprised if he extended his researches to the Empire of Annam, and, advancing towards the utmost boundary of Cambodia, where it skirts Thibet, he came, mounted on an elephant, to the gigantic temples and forests of marble pillars which mark the site of which we speak. It was thus that a French officer in the service of the King of Siam recently visited the spot; and the account he has given of it may be found in the *Revue de l'Architecture*, and is in great part reproduced in the *Revue Contemporaine* of December 1866. No European writer before him has ever mentioned it, and in reading his letters we must make allowances for possible exaggeration. He is a mandarin of the third class, and has obtained the rank of general in command of the Siamese army. M. Perrin (for such is his name) proposes revisiting Ancor-Viat with a complete photographic apparatus; and when he has done this, and has given us the pleasure of examining his photographs, we shall be better able to judge of his veracity. Meanwhile the editor of the *Revue Contemporaine* is of opinion that the clearness and simplicity of his account leaves little room for doubting its truth.

When M. Perrin first visited Ancor-Viat, he saw nothing of its ancient splendour; for in "Indian China," as in Central America, monuments of large dimensions and great beauty are often unknown to the people who dwell within a few hundred yards of them. The concourse of intelligent and wealthy travellers alone teaches ignorant natives the value of their own surroundings. On his second journey M. Perrin's attention was directed to the ruins by a curious circumstance. The King of Kokien pays a yearly tribute to the King of

Siam in kind, and among the articles saltpetre figures largely. In the whole of India beyond the Ganges—in the Birman Empire, Siam, Malacca, and Annam—the people, children-like, have a passion for fireworks, and consequently consume a large quantity of saltpetre. Now the excrement of bats and night-birds that haunt in great abundance the cities of the dead furnishes, it seems, a copious supply of this substance, and is, in fact, as fruitful in the production of squibs and rockets as guano—the dung of Peruvian sea-birds—is in the cultivation of corn and rye. It is collected by malefactors who work in chains, and dissolved in water mixed with ashes. After some days the water and ashes, with the macerated dung strongly impregnated with ammonia, is passed through tight sieves, and exposed in big caldrons to the action of huge fires. The entire substance then evaporates, leaving behind it crystals of saltpetre. The East was famous of old for the manufacture of nitre; and we have all noticed how it forms spontaneously on the walls of stables, slaughter-houses, cellars, and the like, from the decomposition of animal matter, and even from the breath and sweat of beasts.

No wonder M. Perrin was struck as a foreigner by the strange spectacle of convicts collecting bird-dung. The birds of night have a strong affinity for ruins, and crumbling towers and terraces are—to use an expression of Virgil's—

“Direrum nidis domus opportuna volucrum.”

It was along the northern part of the great city of Ancor-Viat that M. Perrin halted frequently to watch the culprits of Cambodia plying their foul task. During six days of elephant march he travelled on without coming to the end of the city. Here and there he penetrated into the ruins where explorers had opened a passage. No one, he says, would believe him if he told all he saw. The monuments, the palaces, the temples, the pillars, stairs, and blocks of marble pass description. The circle of the ruins was computed by the people of the country at ten or twelve leagues in diameter. Now considering that London, with its three millions of inhabitants, measures about eleven miles from east to west, and that Ancor-Viat by this calculation covered about three times as much ground, there must have been a pretty large concourse of human beings under the shadow of its colossal halls. It may have been the capital of an empire; it may have been an empire in itself. There, doubtless, as in the ancient cities of Mexico, the rich and the great dwelt in spacious edifices, with gardens and groves enclosed, while the poorer sort herded together in huts like those of the rudest tribes of Indians. There were no parliaments and philanthropic societies then to look

after the dwellings of the poor; but as space was no object in those days, they made up for straitened accommodation at home by plenty of spare room for building within the walls. Subaltern officers in the British army in Ceylon, who have surveyed that island of late years, report cities of enormous size, and covered in with jungle, as inviting excavation. Anarajaphoorra, they tell us, must have been larger than London, and Polonarooa (be indulgent to the spelling, ye students of Cingalee!) contains statues of Anak height. The recumbent Buddha in the last of these two cities is 24 feet in length, and the Buddhist temples, built of a kind of granite, are huge in proportion. What bullock-power and elephant-power it must have required to move blocks of stone so unwieldly in an age when machinery and engineering were unknown! What thews must these Titans have had, before the time of eastern effeminacy, to build their towers of uncemented ashlar piled up like "Pelion upon Ossa"! M. Perrin assures us that he saw in Ancor-Viat temples in a good state of preservation, but overrun with weeds and shrubs, which measured a league in circuit. Pillars rose around him on every side, tall as cedars, and all in marble. The stairs, though partly buried under the soil, still mounted much higher than the noble flights one sees at Versailles or on the Piazza di Spagna at Rome. The buildings in some places were as solid as if they had been raised yesterday. According to local tradition, they are four or five thousand years old; and yet but for lightning and the overgrowth of luxuriant vegetation, they would even at this day be perfect and intact. "O that I had brought a photographic apparatus with me!" exclaims this traveller. "I assure you, whether you believe it or no, that the most famous monuments ancient or modern which we can boast of are mere sheds compared with what I have seen: our palaces, our basilicas, the Vatican, Coliseum, and the like, are just dog-kennels to it, and nothing more!"

If we had never heard of the Indian cities of Central America which the tribes are supposed to have deserted six or seven hundred years ago, when warned by their priests of the coming of the Spaniards, we might feel disposed to reject M. Perrin's account as no less fabulous than the travels of Baron Munchausen. But when we follow the steps of Captain Del Rio and Captain Du Paix, and still more those of Mr. Stephens in Chiapas and Yucatan; when we see them working their way through dense forests in Honduras with fire and axe, and arriving at a wall six hundred feet long and from sixty to ninety in height, forming one side of an oblong enclosure called the Temple, while the other three sides are formed by a succession of pyramids and terraced walls that measure from thirty to a hun-

dred and forty feet in height, we are not easily repelled by any report of ancient cities merely because the measurements in it run very high. There was a phase in the history of civilisation when half-barbarous races, who knew not the use of iron, delighted in constructing lasting monuments, and made up for beauty of detail by huge proportions, and for writing and hieroglyphics by picture-painting. M. Perrin may be guilty of great exaggeration, but we ought not to charge him with it too hastily. Modern research has more than verified all that the Spaniards vaguely reported of the Cities of the West, where immense artificial mounds are crowned with stately palaces, and the dauntless industry of former races is proved by the provision they made for water-supply in a dry and thirsty land,—by the vast reservoirs for water which have been excavated, and are found to be paved and lined with stone,—by the pits around the ponds intended to furnish supplies of water when the upper basin was empty in the height of summer,—by the wells hidden deep in the rock, and reached by the patient water-carriers by pathways cut in the mountain to a depth of 450 feet, and conducting them to that depth by windings 1400 feet in length,—by the long ladders, made of rough rounds of wood and bound together with osiers, up which the Indians carried, and still carry, on their backs from these deep sources the water requisite for the consumption of 7000 persons or more, according to the size of the villages, during four months of the year,—and by the subterranean chambers, which the Indians of old probably used as granaries for maize, and which were made, like the ingenious cisterns just spoken of, by slaves obedient to more intelligent masters. These and similar discoveries in America add a colour of probability to the description M. Perrin has given of Ancor-Viat in Asia. At the same time we would rather he had not forgotten his photographic machine.

"I was anxious," he says, "to ascend to a temple that seemed tolerably perfect. There were eleven staircases, of I know not how many stairs each, to reach the first only of five peristyles! I began climbing at half-past six in the morning, and at half-past seven I had barely been able to examine two or three of the lower apartments. I was obliged to shorten my stay, fearing that I should have to descend the stairs while the sun was hot. All the walls are sculptured and ornamented. The first effect the ruins produced on me was that of stupefaction. Yet I am not a man to cry out with astonishment at trifles. The following day I went up by a winding staircase to the top of an immense tower situated on a height, from whence I enjoyed a good view of the surrounding remains. In hollows and parts where one cannot penetrate there are palaces of colos-

sal height and grandeur. I had an excellent opera-glass, and could observe the details. An untold store of architectural treasures was before me, stretching as far as the frontier of Cambodia, which is ten or twelve leagues off! Just think what Paris would be in ruins. Heaps of stones and ash-lars scattered over a surface no more than two or three leagues in diameter. Here there is on the ground, and under the ground, marble, already hewn, enough to build after the fashion of giants all the cities in the universe!"

This is indeed a climax; and one needs to pause and take breath before following M. Perrin any further up his winding stairs. Can we attach any credit to one who is so lavish in the use of words and figures? He has evidently a supreme disregard for nice distinctions, and ordinary measures of time and place. Marble enough in Ancor-Viat to build all the cities in the world! *C'est un peu fort, M. Perrin.* But let us hear him to the end. We can believe a good deal about cities excavated or still underground, for we have seen several such with our own eyes; but credulity itself has its limits. "I saw," M. Perrin continues, "the leg of a statue the great toe of which measured eleven times my fowling-piece in length. It is in marble, like the rest of the figure: there is no other stone here used for building, except coloured stones, which are employed as borders or for the eyes of statues. There are pedestals with flights of steps, of which the crowning images have disappeared, as high and as large as Saint Germain l'Auxerrois. Fancy octagonal pyramids cut short at half their proper height—all in marble, recollect. Who the devil raised all this? If it was some famous dynasty, it cannot be very well satisfied with the oblivion into which it has fallen, in spite of its sumptuous monuments. What are the ruins of Palenque, or even of Thebes with its hundred gates, or of Babylon, compared with this unknown city without history and without name?"

Now, setting aside Thebes and Babylon, it may be well to compare what we really do know of Palenque with the general's singular account of Ancor-Viat. It is more than a hundred years since the Spaniards first heard of it from the Indians, and the reports of its extent differ as widely now as they did then. The natives say the ruins cover an area of sixty miles; Du Paix and Del Rio seven leagues; and Waldeck about three miles. But though travellers are not agreed as to their extent, they are quite unanimous as to the remains themselves. All admit that they are "unique, extraordinary, and mournfully beautiful." The largest building is on a mound forty feet high, raised by the hands of man, originally faced with stone, and measuring 310 feet by 260 at the base. It is richly adorned with paintings in the style proper to the ancient cities of

Mexico; the corridors are sumptuous, the flights of steps broad, and the figures of giant proportions, uncouth, and expressive of suffering. The tallest statue, however, that has been discovered is only ten feet six inches high, by which it appears that the stone figures of Mexican Indians were dwarfish compared with the huge heroes and idols of the East. M. Perrin had been questioned about the existence of religious monuments in the Eastern peninsula of India, and the answers which he returned are as follows: "Sacred stones are found here. Some of them are simply rocks which at some period or other were sufficiently soft to receive very clearly the impressions of the feet of men and animals. Of this sort the one most highly venerated is that of the Buddhist monastery of Phrabat. An immense number of pilgrims visit it annually. Others are enormous monoliths raised on socles roughly quarried. If there ever were any inscriptions, they have been effaced. I have also seen here gateways or arches of triumph built of huge stones laid one upon another. What giants or what machines moved these immense blocks? They stand alone. Not a vestige of any building is near them. Sometimes there are not even any quarries to be found within a great distance. I saw two such monuments as those I now speak of among the Stiengs, when I conducted a military expedition against them. They stood in the midst of marshy and almost impassable forests, and had certainly never before been seen by any European. Some of the people of Laos had spoken to me of these remains, but I very nearly missed seeing them. The difficulties in the way of getting to them were so great, that at first I did not think they would be worth the trouble. But they amply repaid me. I examined them most carefully with a powerful glass. They did not appear to bear any inscriptions. Even the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics had been unable to disjoint them. What roots could rend asunder these stones laid one upon the other without cement, and raise so heavy a weight? The side-supports were, I believe, as high as the top-stone laid across was long. The soil is evidently raised by the vigorous growth that marks the vegetation of these forests. These remains must rest on monolith socles or on the rock, or on gigantic foundations; for the ground on the surface is so soft and wet, that you may easily thrust a cane into it up to the handle."

When M. Perrin inquired of the natives who reared these monuments, they replied the Gai; and by the Gai they meant some barbarous white men, who came from the land of perpetual snow, who were as tall as three Siamese, and whose fingers and toes, though articulated, were not separate from one another. They rode on horses double the size of those now seen, but bones of which are often

found in the earth. Impious men were these Gai; they hunted elephants, and feasted on their flesh; they offered sacrifices of blood to their gods. Chinese merchants informed the General that monuments of the same huge description are to be found in the north and west of China, and that the people there call them "giants' stones." The traveller in Central America is, we know, sometimes amazed to find monstrous blocks evidently hewn by the hands of men, yet hundreds of leagues distant from any calcareous strata. Men in the neighbourhood who are learned in other matters are quite at fault when their opinion respecting them is asked. Some will tell you that the nature of the soil is changed from what it was before the conquest, and others that the Incas had means of transport unknown to us. Probably there are quarries of granite under the surface of the savannahs; but how the Indians could extract the stone without gunpowder or machinery is a problem we are unable to solve.

Important discoveries are not always due to scientific and discerning men. The earliest accounts of anything new and surprising are likely to be overdrawn; but they are not the less valuable from this circumstance. Their very exaggeration may stimulate inquiry, and thus be an advantage rather than otherwise in the outset. It was a poor Tungusian fisherman who discovered the most perfect specimen of the mammoth near the mouth of the river Lena, nearly seventy years ago, and his sale of the creature's tusks for fifty rubles led to an accurate knowledge of the monster's structure and habits, as well as to a great extension of the trade in ivory derived from mammoths' tusks. General Perrin's testimony appears to us well worthy of attention, in spite of its being highly coloured here and there. It may, on the whole, fall far short of the reality, and may lead to the solution of questions of importance in Oriental history.

Our Library Table.

1. Dean STANLEY on Loreto.
2. POUJOULAT'S Histoire de France.
3. Tales of the Early Christians.
4. Père NAMPON on Christian Doctrine.
5. More about Barsetshire.
6. TOWNSEND'S Modern Geometry.
7. Ante-Nicene Library.
8. Miscellaneous Notices.
9. Note to the Article on "Irish Birds'-Nests."

1. In his well-known and most interesting work on *Sinai and Palestine*, the present Dean of Westminster took occasion to write a chapter on the "Holy Places," which, if not the most pleasant or the most satisfactory, is at least one of the most characteristic in the whole volume. Dr. Stanley is far too popular a writer for it to be necessary for us to enlarge upon his qualities. He has a wonderfully picturesque style—when he does not take too much pains about being picturesque: he is full of information, industry, and enthusiasm of a certain sort—though the memories of the Old Testament seem to have a stronger fascination for him than those of the New: and, as becomes so eminent a leader of the Broad Church, he is elaborately liberal, and, usually, as amiable to every one he comes across as a great lady at the head of her stairs on a reception-night, with a bow, a smile, a kind word, and an appropriate compliment for each of her guests. Sometimes, however, our bland and graceful hostesses can frown and become even spiteful, and we fear that the same must be said of Dean Stanley now and then. All his roses wither up at the idea of anything "sacerdotal:" and he gets fidgety and ill at ease when he meets with the supernatural and miraculous. The devotion with which Catholics hang over ancient shrines, the veneration which they lavish on relics and the like,—not to mention their attitude towards the definite dogmas of the Church and her sacramental system,—send a shiver through his veins and draw a scowling cloud over his geniality. These things are so positive, they bring the supernatural and our relations with them so very closely home, and make them so much matters of every-day fact, that they make Dr. Stanley start like a man who has thought he saw a mere shadow on a wall and then found out that it was a real moving and speaking ghost.

The chapter in Dr. Stanley's book of which we are speaking exemplifies admirably the disconcerted and irritated state of mind which is the natural result of the shock which his system receives when he comes across what we may call the actual and existing foot-

prints of the supernatural. It is characterised by a hesitating and ungenial tone throughout. We are only at present concerned with certain passages in it which relate to Loreto and Nazareth. Before his book on *Sinai and Palestine* had been written, Dr. Stanley had inserted in the *Quarterly Review* an article on Loreto, part of which was afterwards embodied in his later work. Everyone knows the connection between the two sites which we have named. For many centuries pilgrims from every part of the Catholic world have thronged to Loreto to do honour to our Lord and His Blessed Mother by praying in what they understand to be the very cottage in which the Incarnation took place, and in which so many years of the life of God upon earth were spent. The identity of the Santa Casa with the Holy House of Nazareth is no doctrine of faith, any more than the miraculous manner in which the latter is said to have been transported from its original site, first to Tersatto and then to Loreto. Nor do Catholics attach any essential virtue to the walls of that Holy House as if their devotion would be wasted and the spiritual benefits of their pilgrimage nullified if by any possibility it were to turn out, according to the extraordinary hypothesis of Dr. Stanley, that in consequence of "some peasant's dream, or the return of some Croatian chief from the last Crusade, or the story of some Eastern voyager landing on the coast," a "Holy House" had been built, in imitation of the shrine which could no longer be visited in Palestine, either at Fiume or Loreto, and had gradually come to be believed by its visitors to be the identical home of Nazareth. But Catholics believe generally in shrines and relics, that is, they believe that such things can exist, and that they have their natural place in the great Economy of the "Tabernacle of God dwelling with men," the Incarnation, and the Church which is its continuation, fraught with a thousand local and historical associations, as everything must be which has its home in this world. They believe that as these things are natural incitements and provocations to the tenderest and most devotional feelings of the Christian heart, so also are they blessed to those who venerate them as the incidental channels and instruments of abundant graces, of pardon for the past, and spiritual strength and light for the future. And, what is more to the point, though not one in a thousand of the pilgrims of such shrines as Loreto has ever thought of examining the historical evidence which may be adduced for its authenticity, still Catholics are naturally strongly disposed to take it for granted that a sanctuary so venerable, on which so much care and devotion have been expended by the highest authorities of the Church, is what it claims to be, and is very unlikely to be less.

It can hardly be expected that Protestants,—and especially Protestants of that particular school to which Dr. Stanley belongs,—should enter into these feelings. Shrines and relics are nothing to them—at least in connection with religion. Human nature, which is prone to these weaknesses, overpowers them sometimes. But their pilgrimages are to Waterloo, Abbotsford, or Stratford-on-Avon: their relic worship finds its objects in old cocked-hats and snuff-boxes, or in the tombs of Washington or Nelson, or the spot where

the "Pilgrim Fathers" landed in New England. The place where Jesus Christ was born or where His Body was laid, the spot of His crucifixion or the walls which listened to His conversations with His Mother and St. Joseph, seem strangely uninteresting to them, as if they were associated with a range of subjects less practically true and real than the events of secular history. It follows of course that they cannot understand that holy relics and holy places can be connected in the minds of Christians with divine graces and favours, or that the Church in presenting them to her children is doing anything more than is done by the proprietor of a Museum of curiosities. Hence their first question is at once for the evidence, and they are prepared to scrutinise whatever chance expressions concerning some sacred site may be scattered up and down the literature of centuries in authors who have never professedly treated of the subject, as if this kind of incidental illustration were in reality the proof on which the belief which they dislike rests. Again, if, as in the case of Loreto, there be anything miraculous in the current history, this comes across another fixed principle of their judgments, and the "legend" is condemned at once because certain persons believe the age of miracles to have ended with the Apostles, or because they feel themselves qualified to determine that a miracle in such and such a case would be without a purpose, or that such and such particular miraculous acts would be unworthy of Almighty God. Yet nothing is clearer than that to the believers in a supernatural Providence the evidence of a miracle raises a perfectly distinct question from that raised by its nature: and that it requires no stronger assertion on the part of Holy Writ to make us believe that an ass spoke or that a man lived for three days and nights in the belly of a whale, than that which is sufficient to assure us that our Lord healed the sick or cleansed the leper.

All these reasons for disbelieving or for questioning any miracle at all, have of course been rife among Protestants when they have had to deal with the history of Loreto. On their own grounds we find no fault with them. It is a fair matter for argument—quite apart from this particular question—whether miracles have ceased, and whether we have a right to settle what sort of miracles alone are worthy of God. There is no harm in raising the question which was raised, some time before Dr. Stanley wrote, in the *Christian Remembrancer* (vol. xxvii.), whether there exists historical evidence sufficient to show, without other argument, either that the Holy House used to be venerated in the early ages in Palestine, or that its identity with the shrine now at Loreto can be maintained. We say that this is a fair question for discussion, though, as we have already hinted, if there were no documentary evidence at all to be alleged, or if that which is alleged were shown to be hopelessly confused and uncertain, it would still remain the most rational hypothesis that, all things duly considered, could be formed, concerning the Holy House, that it is in reality the Nazareth Home of the Sacred Infancy. We may elsewhere speak on this subject: for the present we are only dealing with Dr. Stanley. This writer did not content

himself with ordinary objections. He was too clever by half: he must needs prove, not only that the evidence was imperfect, but that the story was intrinsically impossible. The house which now stands at Loreto *could not* have been, he says, the Holy House at Nazareth. This is a bold assertion, and therefore remarkably tempting to a writer like Dr. Stanley. He gives his reasons in a passage which may be found at pp. 447, 448 of the last edition of his work (1866). 1. The dimensions are different. The Holy House of Loreto is a good deal larger than the "Chapel of the Angel" at Nazareth, shown as the place where the Holy House used to stand. 2. The material confutes the story: the Loreto House being of a dark red polished stone, of which there is no instance at Nazareth or in Palestine, but plenty around Ancona. 3. The Holy House abutted on a cave, as is so often the case at Nazareth. But as it had but one door, which opened into the cave, it is obvious, that if it really stood where it is said to have stood, it must have blocked up the cave, to which there was no other approach.

We are sorry to say, that in the earlier editions of his work Dean Stanley supported this last and most gratuitous assertion by a small woodcut, which professed to be a ground plan of the house and cave, but which must have been drawn by himself or some one else simply from the text of his book, for it is grossly inaccurate. The fact is, that the cave, which still exists, has another egress on the side of the hill, so that Dean Stanley's third argument is simply based on his own misstatement. Moreover, the late Father Hutchinson, of the Oratory, who devoted himself when in Palestine and Italy to the special elucidation of the subject, has given us very good reason for supposing that the present Holy House had once an *external* door—besides that which opens into the Cave behind it. As we have begun with Dean Stanley's last argument, let us go on in the same retrograde order to the second. His assertion about the stone is, in reality, worth no more than his assertion about the want of a door, though, unlike that, it is founded on a certain appearance of fact. It is difficult to determine the exact colour of the stones in the Holy House on account of the dim light, the way in which they have been darkened by smoke, and other causes. There is a red tint prevailing among them, but this appears to come from the fact that they have been "pointed" and smeared with the cement of the country, which is made partly of the red volcanic stone of the neighbourhood of Loreto. Dean Stanley's statements attracted the notice of Cardinal Wiseman, who wrote on the subject to Mgr. Bartolini, then about to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The result was, that some stones brought from Nazareth were submitted to the Professor of Chemistry at the Sapienza at Rome, along with some stones taken from the House at Loreto. He was not told where the respective parcels came from. He submitted them to analysis, and reported that *all* were *limestone*—the stone of Nazareth, not the volcanic stone of Loreto—and that there was no material difference between them.

It remains for us to speak of Dean Stanley's first argument. It is simply the old fallacy of *ignoratio elenchi*. The difference in the

size of the two sanctuaries at present is indisputable and undisputed. Piety and devotion are very uncritical, and the poor friars who have had the charge of the sanctuary at Nazareth through such troublous times have made their arrangements without thinking that a Professor from Oxford might come in the nineteenth century to take them to task. So at Loreto there have been changes made, by order of the Popes, which, in a merely antiquarian point of view, might be matter for regret. The old door, by which the Holy Family used to pass into the cave, has been shut up out of reverence: two new doors have been opened for the convenience of the faithful, the altar has been placed eastwards instead of against the south wall, and the window towards the west brought more into the middle of the side in which it is placed. If the Holy House were now moved back to Nazareth, it would no doubt cover more space than is occupied by the present sanctuary: but this would be no argument that it had not once stood on ground in which the present sanctuary is comprised. The question is, whether it would correspond with the foundations which are said to belong to it, with which the walls of the present sanctuary may have nothing to do, and with which indeed it is most probable that their builders designed them to have nothing to do. It is one thing to build a chapel on the site of a former building, and quite another to build it on exactly the same foundations. This answer is quite enough, for it sufficiently meets Dean Stanley's inference that the present House of Loreto could never have been at Nazareth. But it is not all the answer that can be given to him. It so happens that the one link in the chain of evidence that we might well have been without, is supplied us in the writings of that most laborious and accurate author on the Holy Land, the Franciscan Quaresmius. He tells us (vol. ii. p. 836) that about 1620 excavations were made to the west and the south of the sanctuary at Nazareth, for the purpose of some repairs, and that by this means the foundations of the original Holy House were laid bare, and that measurements were then made, from which it resulted that the dimensions of the sanctuary at Loreto were exactly identical with those of the foundations left at Nazareth. These foundations were probably left and covered up again for the new buildings, and if so, they would, we suppose, be found now as they were two centuries and a half ago, if the workmen of the Palestine Exploration Fund were by any chance to be directed to make the necessary investigations.

Now, of course we do not say that these answers dispose of all the objections that may be adduced against the reception of the common belief of Catholic pilgrims to Loreto. We are not dealing with that question now, neither does Dean Stanley deal with it, except by the arguments which we have noticed. What we maintain is, that arguments such as his can hardly by any possibility be more clearly confuted than they are. The answers which we have given to them have been entirely derived from the two Lectures by the late Father Hutchison published almost at the moment of his lamented death in 1863. The edition of Dean Stanley's work to which we have referred, published in December last, is we believe the first that

has been called for since the appearance of Father Hutchison's Lectures. It would give us unfeigned pleasure if we could say that Dr. Stanley has shown himself alive to the force of the convincing confutation which his statements have received. It would give us equal pleasure if we could say that he has given his own readers a fair account of the reply that has been made to him. He has had Father Hutchison's book before him: and he has withdrawn the worst feature of his former statement, the woodcut of which we have spoken, substituting for it plans of Loreto and Nazareth taken from those published by the Oratorian. But the text of his chapter remains as before. The direct and circumstantial statement of Quaresmius, which confutes his first argument, is mentioned in a note as "very doubtful." As for the scientific examination of the stones of Loreto and Nazareth respectively, made at the instance of Mgr. Bartolini, Dean Stanley's readers are not informed that anything of the kind has taken place. He quietly says, in a note, "the statement respecting the stones [he does not say *what* statement] is, I am assured, doubtful." The answer to the third argument, about the door, is given as a conjecture, and no retractation follows of the distinct misstatement formerly made, that no door to the cave existed but that opening into the interior of the house. Dean Stanley must be quite aware that the answers given to his arguments will never be read in Father Hutchison's Lectures by one in a thousand of his own readers. It is impossible that he can say that he has given a fair account of them in the meagre notes in which he has alluded to them. Who, we repeat, could imagine that what is referred to as the "statement about the stones"—(nothing more is said)—is an account of the careful examination of the stone of the Holy House on the one hand, and that of Nazareth on the other, by an eminent Professor who was ignorant where they came from, which resulted in his declaring that they were both *limestone*—which does not exist at Loreto—and identical in character? We are sorry, therefore, that we cannot compliment the Dean of Westminster on his candour. The controversy about Loreto remains where it was before he took it up: but no one can compare Father Hutchison's pages with those in which they are referred to in the new edition of *Sinai and Palestine*, without being convinced that if the Dean's arguments have issued in proving nothing against the Santa Casa, the way in which he has dealt with their confutation has proved something against himself. We can hardly doubt that he must feel his own discomfiture. Every one of his arguments has been met and refuted: and no one can suppose that if he had possessed the information contained in Father Hutchison's Lectures, he would ever have run his head against the walls of the Santa Casa so very ostentatiously and gratuitously. But if so, why not confess that he has come off with a broken skull?

2. M. Poujoulat, already well known for several historical and biographical works, is publishing a History of France from the

Restoration of the Bourbons to the present time.* Three volumes have already appeared, carrying the narrative as far as the year 1840. M. Poujoulat has thus finished the history of the elder branch of the Bourbons, and in his next volume he will have to relate the fall of the monarchy of July. His work is careful, moderate in tone, clearly and sometimes very pointedly written, without any attempt at that pictorial style which has become fashionable of late years. His sympathies are evidently with the elder Bourbons, and the system of comparative liberty which they established: and he is severe upon Louis Philippe and the Ministers who served under him. Certainly the account of the conduct of the Duc d'Orleans at the time of the revolution of 1830 does not read well, and we are inclined to look forward to the satisfaction of our instincts for poetical justice in the narrative of the ignominious flight of the Citizen King in 1848. But some of the successive Ministers of Louis Philippe deserve at least the credit of having done their best to consolidate the constitution, radically defective as it was in being founded upon nothing. The whole history is well told, and gives a full account of political events in France. M. Poujoulat is perhaps somewhat sparing on other matters which are now usually supposed to form part of a complete history, such as the progress of literature, science, and above all, religion. But, as far as it goes, it is an admirable history of the period. The author will approach critical ground in his next volume. Meanwhile, a glance at that which he has just published makes us feel what a marvellous change has come over the face of France and of Europe generally, since the days of Louis Philippe. Hardly anywhere except in what relates to our own country do we seem to be reading the account of a state of things barely a quarter of a century distant from our own days. Italy and Germany have been, each in its own way, revolutionised, and the springs of European movements which used to be found in the Great Courts among which France had hardly regained her former place, have till very lately been almost entirely collected in the grasp of her second Emperor. We know well enough that there was but little real security under the more apparently tranquil surface which Europe presented before 1848: but we fear that it can hardly be said at present that we have even the semblance of a promise of quiet days.

3. A short letter from Monseigneur Dupanloup, prefixed by way of recommendation to M. Quinton's *Aurelia*,† informs us that the work in question is "anterior" to Cardinal Wiseman's well-known *Fabiola*. We suppose that we are right in taking this to mean that *Aurelia* was written before Cardinal Wiseman's volume appeared—as, we think, was also the case with Dr. Newman's *Callista*. *Aurelia* is "anterior" to *Fabiola* in another sense also, for it relates to a period of

* *Histoire de France depuis 1814 jusqu'au temps présent.* Par M. Poujoulat. Tom. 3. Paris, 1866.

† *Aurelia, ou les Juifs de la Porte Capene.* Par M. A. Quinton. 2 tom. Paris.

history earlier than the days of Diocletian and Maximian. However the question of actual priority of composition may be settled, *Aurelia* bears a very strong family likeness to the Cardinal's tale; but there is ample room for a number of writers among the romantic incidents of the early Church. We can hardly acquiesce in the statement of a French critic of M. Quinton's volumes, who compares them with *Fabiola*, and ends by pronouncing that "l'intérêt du récit est au moins égal, et l'érudition de beaucoup supérieure"—but, on its own merits, *Aurelia* certainly deserves popularity.

The scene is laid at Rome, in the days of Domitian. It is well known that at that time, when St. Clement was Pope, many members of the highest Roman aristocracy and even of the reigning Flavian family were Christians. At no time does the sword of persecution seem to have been stained with the blood of victims nearer to the throne itself than in the persecution of the "bald Nero" as Juvenal calls Domitian. His efforts to stamp out Christianity in high quarters have left their mark in the Calendar of the Church, in the feasts of St. Clement, St. Flavia Domitilla, SS. Nereus and Achilleus, and others. It appears highly probable that St. Clement himself was of the Imperial family, and that the cousin of the Emperor, Flavius Clemens, who was put to death as Dion Cassius says "for a kind of impiety peculiar to the Jews," really suffered for Christ. At all events, there is sufficient historical evidence for the supposition of the prevalence of Christianity near the Palace itself, under Domitian, and even of the probability of its reaching to the presumptive heirs of the Empire. This supposition is the foundation of M. Quinton's tale. *Aurelia* is the niece of Domitian, betrothed to Vespasian, his cousin, who with his brother Titus (they are sons of Flavius Clemens) has been declared Caesar. She is mixed up with Christians, the two Flavia Domitillas, mother and daughter, and a poor girl called Cecilia, whom she buys as a slave in the Forum. Cecilia plays much the same part in the tale with respect to *Aurelia*, as the Christian slave in *Fabiola* to her mistress. The Grand Vestal Cornelia, whom Domitian so cruelly condemned to be buried alive, is also brought into the story, as well as Metellus Celer, her supposed lover. Marcus Regulus, the hateful informer of whom Tacitus speaks, Pliny the younger, and a considerable number of other historical personages, are introduced: Regulus is the Fulvius of the tale. M. Quinton has taken the bold step of delivering Cornelia from her living grave by a miracle of St. Clement, and this resurrection gives the final impulse to *Aurelia's* tendencies to Christianity. The story comes to a sort of conclusion with the assassination of Domitian; but the author has been seized by a fit of timid respect for historical authority at the end of his volumes, which has prevented him from informing his readers of the ultimate fortunes of many of his principal characters. He might just as well have made *Aurelia* happy as the Christian wife of Vespasian, or have made all the Christian members of the Imperial family martyrs, as bring about the *dénouement* of his plot by so venturesome a stroke as the miraculous deliverance of Cornelia.

The erudition claimed for M. Quinton by his French admirer cannot be denied. He is evidently very well acquainted with his authorities, and particularly with the working of the Roman law. We are inclined to think that some of his readers would have been better pleased, not if he had been less learned, but if he had taken less pains to make them learned also. Neither he, nor the other writer of a similar tale, on which we shall comment presently, has been able to restrain himself from indulging in long passages, which are valuable as essays on some point of Roman manners or legislation, but which delay the action of the story, and will therefore fatigue the attention of the lighter reader. In stories of this sort, we do not want to hear all that can be said on such points: the author should use his resources for the purposes of his work, and no further. This is one of the great charms of the work with which M. Quinton's friends challenge comparison for *Aurelia*—Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola*. There is abundant learning in the Cardinal's work; it was written, no doubt, off-hand, but by an author perfectly familiar with his subject, and able to make his Romans of the third century move and talk almost as naturally as the men and women of the nineteenth in the pages of many a contemporary novelist. This is only saying that the Cardinal was master of his subject, while M. Quinton's subject is almost *his* master. Both stories are alike in the profuse use of attractive material and incident, and in the introduction of a great number of characters more or less historically famous. In *Callista*, on the other hand, this is but sparingly done: and the most studied characters, *Callista* herself, *Agellius*, and his wild brother, have been simply created by the genius of the writer. The dialogue, the weak point in *Fabiola*, is weak also in *Aurelia*: nor, of course, is there anything here that can be in the least compared to those two famous passages in *Callista*, which have perhaps been surpassed in their way by nothing in the English language—the description of the locusts and of the possession of *Juba*. The story in *Aurelia*—of which we have given but a very faint outline—moves on with much interest, and if it had been somewhat shortened and finished off—as it certainly might have been without any greater deviation from ascertained historical truth than M. Quinton had already been guilty of—would have made his volumes worthy companions of the two English tales of which we have been speaking.

Lydia,* a tale of the second century which has just been translated from the German of Herrman Geiger, belongs to the same class with *Callista*, *Fabiola*, and *Aurelia*. Here again we have a Christian female slave, at one time hardly treated by her mistress, then made her friend, and at last bringing about her conversion. The scene is laid chiefly in Athens, so that we have new scenery, and a great deal of learning is expended in making the reader acquainted with the details of the manners and habits of a great Athenian lady in the time

* *Lydia*, an interesting Tale of the Second Century. Translated from the German by a Religious of Les Dames Anglaises, Gloucester. London, 1866.

chosen by the author. Here again we have to notice the incapacity of the writer to restrain his own erudition. The story is simple and pleasing, the characters are not too numerous, and are well drawn—but we cannot attempt a sketch of either. As this is a translation, we are bound to say that it might read more fluently in English than it does: and there is an occasional want of accuracy about classical names which seems to have escaped the correcting pen of the Editor. Thus, the Antonines are sometimes called 'the Anthonys,' and we are told of synagogues of the Jews "in Delos, Kos, Milet, and other islands." Let us hope that blots like these may be removed in a second edition.

When *Fabiola* was published, it was hoped that more stories of the same kind, but illustrative of different periods of the history of the ancient Church might have followed, either from the same pen, or that of other scarcely less gifted writers. The idea seems to have been taken up abroad more quickly than in our own country. *Aurelia* and *Lydia* are but specimens of a class already somewhat numerous. We trust that *Fabiola* and *Callista* may not be the only English contributions to this department of literature, though we can hardly expect that they will not long remain the best.

4. The inquiry is frequently made by converts who feel their need of a more accurate knowledge of the body of truth to which they have lately pledged themselves to adhere—by Protestants who are preparing for submission to the Church—and by others who, without any such intention, are yet not quite satisfied to reject the religion of their forefathers without any clear notion of what it is that they reject,—“Can you recommend any treatise on the Catholic dogmatic system that is complete and accurate without being abstruse?” Some of these applicants would find all they wanted or had leisure for in such manuals as those of the Rev. Mr. Perry or Rev. Mr. Gibson; and others might profitably study a compendium of dogmatic theology, such as that of Cardinal Gousset. But there are many to whose desires and abilities something intermediate would be better adapted, something more scientific than the former, and less voluminous than the latter. For such minds we should like to see an English translation of Fr. Nampon's *Conferences on the Decrees of the Council of Trent*.^{*} They were preached in 1851 at Geneva on occasion of the jubilee, and attracted very considerable attention. At the close of each conference the decrees which have formed the subject of it are given *in extenso* in a very good translation by the author himself. The clearness, consistency, and uniformity of the teaching of the Church is admirably brought out, and contrasted with other systems.

The most valuable of all the Conferences to our mind is the introductory one on the Authority of the Church and of her Visible Head. The right and wrong use of free inquiry in matters of reli-

^{*} *Etude de la Doctrine Catholique dans le Concile de Trente, &c.* Par le Rev. P. Nampon de la S. de Jésus.

gious belief is very clearly explained in a short compass, and two great points very ably argued out, That the predetermination not to believe in any Church, even though one is seen to be invested with characteristics that show it to be a society instituted and inspired by God Himself, is an unbelieving state of mind supremely unreasonable, and disrespectful to the Divine authority; and, on the other hand, That it is a no less unreasonable piece of credulity to believe in any authority that does not show the distinctive signs of the true Church.

There is a useful account of the Council of Trent itself and of its authority, and a rather amusing description of the chief Protestant attempts at holding General Synods, to which perhaps that of Exeter in modern times might add a pendant. The last and most ambitious of these attempts on the part of the Protestants of all France in September 1848 is very amusing. The summing up is in the inimitable French vein. "Thus, convoked by no one knows whom, elected by any one that was able to fancy himself an adherent of the Reformed Church of France, the Protestant Council of 1848 spoke of doctrine and discipline only to proclaim in the same breath its competency and incompetency, and regulated its internal organisation only so far as to subject its plans to an almost exclusively Catholic assembly—yes Catholic—but then voting the budget. Such is the official balance of Protestantism. *Doctrine and Discipline.* On the question that comprised all the rest, Yes and No, at once. *Organisation and government.* Any plan, it matters not what, but to be submitted to the state. *Sum total.* A heavy figure in the budget of public worship. This was solved with sufficient clearness by the Synod itself. *A great question of principle. Et nunc—intelligite."*

5. Many of us can remember with pleasure the days in which Mr. Dickens, then flushed with his earliest and greatest successes, published his serial, *Master Humphrey's Clock*, in weekly numbers, with many beautiful illustrations by Cattermole. The *Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge* appeared in this form. It would appear that there was something against the mode of publication at that time, for Mr. Dickens gave it up: much, we think, to the regret of many of his admirers. There cannot certainly be any reason in the nature of things why we should not have our "serial" delicacies at shorter intervals than that of a month. The "serial system" is in itself a modern phenomenon, of which we have once or twice before had occasion to speak; but what is the use of criticising what has become an institution? After all, we gain our acquaintance with the characters and the stories in which they figure, under this system, much in the same way in which we come to know the persons and events of real life. The successive fragments, which inform us of the progress of affairs, come to us much like pleasant chatty letters from friends at a distance. All that critics can fairly insist upon is that not every novel cut into monthly bits is a good serial.

Mr. Anthony Trollope is now trying for himself the experiment

made by Mr. Dickens so many years ago. He has thrown together a number of his well-known characters, almost all indeed, who have figured hitherto in what may be called the *Barsetshire Novels*, and started them afresh in a new tale, which appears weekly, under the name of the *Last Chronicle of Barset*. We have read criticisms on Mr. Trollope in which he has been found fault with for so often introducing his earlier creations. We have even seen the wish expressed that Mrs. Prondic and the Bishop, Archdeacon Grantly, and Miss Dunstable—now Mrs. Thorne, might be consigned to perpetual rest. These criticisms are surely too straitlaced: we are inclined, on the contrary, to wish these estimable personages long years of life, and many happy returns. The new tale in which they figure promises to be one of the very best ever written by Mr. Trollope, and it is perhaps fortunate that it contains so many characters with whom the public is already familiar. The success of the issue in weekly instead of monthly parts may thus be more easily insured. The prominent figure in the tale, up to the present time, is the Mr. Crawley, the incumbent of Hoggstock, whom the readers of *Framley Parsonage* may well remember. He gets into a terrible scrape—but we must not enter into its details, nor explain how it is that his misfortunes come across Archdeacon Grantly for the moment as wounding him in his tenderest part. Of course all will end well—not so many months hence as usual. Then Mr. Trollope has crossed the borders of Barsetshire, and linked the unfinished threads of the *Small House at Allington* with the Crawleys and Grantlys—Johnny Eames is still alive, though Lord de Guest is dead: and Lilian Dale is still Lilian Dale. Mr. Trollope well knows how to torment his readers with uncertainty as to the *dénouements* of his tales, for which they wish. They will hear with as much concern as John Eames himself that Lady Alexandrina Crosbie has died at Baden-Baden, and her husband is once more free. It looks as if the match of Eames against Crosbie was to be played over again—and Crosbie is one of the cleverest of Mr. Trollope's characters. We must add a line in praise of the very excellent illustrations to the tale, contributed by Mr. Thomas.

6. In mathematics, as in everything else, there are fashions, and fashions repeat themselves inevitably. Thus we find that the old Greek methods which had been long in disuse as instruments of original investigation have latterly been coming into favour again. Mr. Townsend has just added a fresh volume* to a series of works which return to those ancient methods which are best known to us by the writings of Euclid and Apollonius. The neglect which they have experienced notwithstanding the beauty of their demonstrations is, after all, not surprising. About the beginning of the seventeenth century Cardan, Vieta, and, above all, Des Cartes, greatly enlarged the field of mathematics, by applying algebraical reasoning to geometrical

* *Chapters on the Modern Geometry of the Point, Line, and Circle.*
By the Rev. Richard Townsend, M.A. Dublin.

problems. This new method rendered simple and easy the solution of a vast number of questions, which are by the old methods insoluble, or soluble only by processes cumbrous in the extreme; it also enables us to arrive at general results, directly, without laborious and exhaustive demonstration. Notwithstanding Newton's own admiration for the ancient geometry, the supreme influence exercised at Cambridge by his works has directed the studies of the University chiefly to the development of mechanical philosophy, whilst the development of algebraic geometry has been comparatively neglected and pure geometry has made scarcely any advance. Of course we know that the University of Cambridge has always exacted from its students a certain amount of familiarity with the elements of geometry. The neglect which pure geometry has experienced at the hands of the University of Cambridge has been atoned for by assiduous culture on the part of the University of Dublin. The treatise the name of which stands at the head of this notice is only one of many valuable works on this subject which have been written by members of Trinity College; foremost amongst whom stand Dr. Salmon and the author. The *Modern Geometry* will render much heavier the heavy obligations which have been laid by the University of Dublin on the lovers of the ancient geometry.

7. Messrs. Clarke of Edinburgh, already so well known for their series of translations from foreign Protestant commentators and theologians, have lately published the first volumes* of what is to form a Library of Translations from the Ante-Nicene Fathers. They seem to intend to omit no author from their list, except, partly, Origen. His writings are, of course, too voluminous, and the projectors of the present Library have done well to limit their ambition to English versions of his work against Celsus, and the *De Principiis*.

We trust that this design is an evidence of a growing desire among Protestants to make themselves acquainted with the early literature of the Christian Church. It is curious to find the same publishers, who have done so much towards making our countrymen familiar with the better parts of the modern theology of Germany, now catering to the same set of readers from the stores of the most remote Christian antiquity. Great good must ultimately result from the spread of this study. We say, *ultimately*, for, though the earliest Christian writers, as every student in theology knows, witness most forcibly to the authority of the Church and the great doctrines of the Catholic creed, they treat of many points on which the language of theology had not then been fixed, and are consequently not free from many difficulties. A conscientious study of these writers will certainly lead to a desire for a fuller acquaintance with the history of the early Church, and with that traditional theology which

* *The Writings of the Apostolic Fathers*. Translated by Rev. Dr. Roberts, Dr. Donaldson, and the Rev. F. Crombie. Edinburgh: T. T. Clarke, 1867.
The Writings of Justin Martyr and Athenagoras. Translated by the Rev. Marcus Dods, A.M., Rev. D. Reith, A.M., and Rev. B. P. Pratten. Edinburgh, 1867.

alone can be expected to interpret its thoughts and utterances. Some such works as Moehler's *Patrology*, Fessler's *Introduction*, or the interesting series lately published in France by the Abbé Freppel, will come naturally to be in demand with the readers of the series of Translations now commenced. The early Fathers and Christian writers of the ante-Nicene period cannot be their own interpreters. Their language is often difficult and obscure, they refer habitually to a state of things which has passed away, and they are about the last class of authors that can be studied satisfactorily without copious external aids.

This, as it appears to us, may be the chief hindrance to the success of this undertaking. The translations have been intrusted to men of character and ability, and, though we have had no opportunity of testing them by careful comparison with the originals, we have a general confidence in their fairness. It would be better, of course, if the translators employed possessed Catholic theological learning as well as good scholarship: but we fear that we should have to wait long to see these qualifications united in persons who would have time to spare for such a task.

8. A want of space must be our excuse for not noticing at length a number of works on which we might have much to say under different circumstances. Dr. Moran has republished in the form of a pamphlet an article contributed by him to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, on the question of the *Episcopal Succession in Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth*, in which he supports in the main the argument of Dr. Brady against the Anglican claims. The question has of course become very much a matter of documentary evidence, and it is surprising how clearly it seems to be made out that the Irish bishops as a body adhered to the ancient faith and the connection with Rome. Mr. Aubrey de Vere has published, under the title of *The Church Settlement in Ireland, or Hibernia Pacanda*, some of his late letters on the question of the Church property in Ireland, with a good deal of additional matter, insisting mainly for the present on the constitutional aspect of the question with relation to the rights of the Irish people. This is one of the subjects which we hope to see well discussed in the ensuing session of Parliament. We have received from America a very interesting volume of Essays on matters of "first principles" in philosophy, art, and religion, under the title of *Curious Questions*, by Rev. H. A. Braddon, D.D.; and a volume of poetry a good deal above the average, by G. H. Miles—*Christine, a Troubadour's Song, and other Poems*. Miss Dora Greenwell has republished two striking articles from the *North British Review*, on "Our Single Women" and *Popular Religious Literature*, and added a few more of equal merit, in a volume of *Essays*. The Spanish fabulist Yriarte has found a congenial though, it seems, somewhat free translator in Mr. Rockliff, for his *Literary Fables*. Mr. Algernon Taylor, the author of *Convent Life in Italy*, has followed up his former publication by some *Scenes in French Monasteries*. His new

volume is more interesting than its predecessor, not of course on account of the greater fame or grandeur of the monasteries of France, but because the author goes more into the details of their history and of the religious life within them. Mr. Taylor seems to have been very good-naturedly treated in the several religious houses which he visited, and to have had every opportunity afforded him of becoming acquainted with their interiors, as far as a stranger to the creed of their inmates can understand them. He seems always to write with good feeling and a sense of gratitude, and though he makes a mistake now and then, his books must do good in giving a fairer though a less sensational account to the English reader than many others. We must reserve for future notice Dr. Northcote's *Mary in the Gospels*. The four small religious books put forth by Mr. Duffy at a wonderfully cheap price—*The Imitation of Christ*, *The Spiritual Combat*, and *S. Liguori's Treatise on Prayer and Explanation of the Commandments*, deserve special mention—as well as a compendium of the well-known *Crown of Jesus*, under the name of *The Little Crown*. We have also received *Old Merry's Annual*, a book for children, the chief story of which, *Washed Ashore*, has been published separately.

9. Note to the Article on "Irish Birds'-Nests."

* * The accuracy of one of the statements made by us in our article on "Irish Birds'-Nests" (*The Month*, Vol. V. p. 557) has been questioned. It relates to an institution called the *Female Orphan Home, North Circular Road, Dublin*. We are now informed that this *Home* is exclusively used for Protestant orphans. Some time after its establishment, a resolution was passed by the Board to this effect, which is said to be strictly acted upon, though no such restriction appears in the printed rules for admission. We have been unable as yet to test the accuracy of the statement in our own pages, which refers, not to any resolution of the Board, but to the actual state of things in the *Home*; and which, it is needless to say, is made on what we consider very good authority. But we should be extremely glad to find out that our information is incorrect, in this the single instance in which it has been called in question, and we shall most willingly withdraw our statement should it turn out that the seventy-one orphans now in the *Home* "are exclusively the children of Protestant parents," instead of being "all, or nearly all, Catholics."

EUGENE
PERFUMED

RIMMEL'S
VALENTINES

1867



96, STRAND, 128, REGENT ST.
24, CORNHILL,
LONDON.

RIMMEL'S NEW PERFUMED VALENTINES.

ANIMATED FLOWERS.

A series of Twelve Valentines, illustrating the Language of Flowers in a novel and charming manner. Each Flower is represented by a nymph coquettishly attired in floral garb, and the sentiment it expresses is appropriately conveyed by a quotation from some well-known poet. The designs, due to J. Chéret's spirited pencil, are executed in the most superior style, and may be pronounced perfect masterpieces of the art of chromo-lithography. The series comprises the following:—

| | | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|
| RoseBeauty. | Geranium...Affection. | Honeysuckle..Fidelity. | DaisyInnocence. |
| Pansy.....Think of me. | Violet.....Modesty. | Hawthorn...Hope. | Lily.....Purity. |
| Carnation...Pure Love. | Dahlia.....Loveliness. | Holly.....Attachment. | Camellia...Excellence. |

Prices on Paper, with neat Lace Border, 1s.; by post for 14 Stamps. On Satin (by a new process), with rich Silver Border, 2s. 6d.; by post for 32 Stamps.

RIMMEL'S MEDIEVAL VALENTINES.

These, which are also designed by J. Chéret, consist of two subjects, after the style of illuminated manuscripts. One represents a gentleman in quaint mediæval costume, laying his heart before a lady, and the other a lady offering hers to a gentleman, the whole accompanied with suitable verses. They are highly humorous and original.—*Price 1s.; by post for 14 Stamps.*

THE MARINE VALENTINE.

A pretty Novelty, decorated with shells, pearls, coral, and other marine ornaments.
Price 1s. and 2s. 6d.; by post 2d. extra.

THE CHARM VALENTINE

Consists of a Golden Charm, fixed on a scented velvet cushion, and enclosed in an elegant box.
Price 1s.; by post for 14 Stamps.

THE PICTORIAL VALENTINE.

Pretty subjects, decorated with Flowers.—*Price 1s.; by post for 14 Stamps.*

THE SACHET VALENTINE.

Perfumed with Twelve different Flowers.—*Price 1s.; by post for 14 Stamps.*

ST. VALENTINE'S GLOVES.

A perfect imitation of a Pair of Gloves, with Mottoes inside. 1s., by post 14 Stamps.

THE INITIAL VALENTINE.

A Floral Letter neatly painted by hand on the finest moire antique, and inserted in a rich silver frame. This is an entirely novel idea, which cannot fail of being duly appreciated.
Price, Quarto size, 2s. 6d.; Octavo, 5s.; by post 2d. extra.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS' VALENTINES

Comprise a series of the following Flowers, prettily painted by hand on the finest moire antique, framed in Silver Lace:—SINGLE FLOWERS, QUARTO SIZE—

| | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Moss Rose.....True Love. | Jasmine.....Amiability. | Myosotis...Forget me not. |
| Tulip.....Beautiful Eyes. | Fuchsia.....Elegance. | Violet.....Modesty. |
| Convolvulus...I'll cling to thee. | Marigold.....Superior Mind. | Lilac.....First Love. |
| Blue Bells.....Constancy. | Eglantine.....Long-tried Love. | Pink.....Youthful Charms. |

Price 2s. 6d., by post for 32 stamps; with double fly-leaf, and verses printed on satin, 3s. 6d., by post for 45 stamps.

DOUBLE FLOWERS, OCTAVO SIZE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rose and Violet.....Beauty and Modesty. | Moss Rose and Myosotis.....Forget me not, love. |
| Rose and Lilac.....Beauty and Love. | Eglantine and Convolvulus.....Constant Love. |
| Rose and Convolvulus...Ties of Affection. | Fuchsia and Jasmine.....Amiability and Grace. |

Price 5s.; by post for 62 stamps; with double fly-leaf, and verses printed on satin, 7s. 6d.; by post for 95 stamps.

The same style, larger, with elegant frames 10s. 6d., 15s., and £1 1s.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"These Valentines, though issued to meet special demands on a special occasion, are really works of art."—*Art Journal*.

"The Valentines of Mr. Rimmel take a thousand useful and fragrant forms, and are acceptable as presents quite irrespectively of the peculiar interest which is supposed to attach to such offerings when presented on the festival of Saint Valentine."—*Morning Post*.

"Rimmel's Perfumed Valentines are very tasteful productions."—*Court Journal*.

"Mr. Rimmel has published a series of Valentines most elegantly got up, and of thoroughly novel design. Very skilfully, all the best-known flowers are made to bloom into beautiful damsels."—*Morning Star*.

"Rimmel's Valentines are perfectly original, and will win admiration from all the fair to whom they may be presented."—*News of the World*.

"Nothing can be more novel and effective than the Valentines just produced by Mr. Rimmel, of the Strand and Regent Street. Pretty birds, bearing love messages and warbling in scented bowers; splendid bouquets of perfumed flowers, resting on silk cushions, and framed with lace and feathers; Cupids holding valuable rings and lockets; doves with collars of real gems; and numerous other tasteful devices, all laid out in brilliant array; and hard-hearted must be the swain who can resist the temptation of offering such a sweet token of his affection to his lady-love."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"Mr. Rimmel has just brought out a series of splendid Valentines, which are quite different from the hackneyed style ordinarily noticeable in these tokens of affection."—*Sun*.

"They are, as a whole, the most novel and *recherché* articles of the kind ever produced."—*Globe*.

"The 'Animated Flowers' Valentines, published this year by Mr. Rimmel, are beautiful—especially those printed by a new process on white satin; they are so rich and soft in tone. The devices are skilfully drawn and coloured. Each flower is made to compose the skirt of a fay—a pretty female form; and around her is a wreath composed of the flower she represents. The words are selected from known poets."—*Queen*.

"The designs of the series are charming."—*Young Ladies' Journal*.

"I have had my Valentine! an elegantly scented one from Rimmel, with a really artistic design of a fairy clad in a flower—the green calix being the body of the dress, and the petals forming the skirt."—*Fun*.



EUGENE RIMMEL,

PERFUMER BY APPOINTMENT

To their Majesties the Emperor of the French, the Queen of Spain,
the Queen of the Belgians, the Queen of the Netherlands, the King of Portugal;
and to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales,

96, Strand; 128, Regent Street;
and 24, Cornhill;
LONDON.

17, Boulevard des Italiens,
PARIS.

Premiums to Retail Purchasers above Five Shillings until 15th of February.

PERFUMED PROGRAMMES, FOR BALLS, CONCERTS, PRIVATE THEATRICALS, &c.

TERMS SENT ON APPLICATION.

STEPHEN AUSTIN, PRINTER, HERTFORD.

A. M. D. G.



Convent of Our Lady of Mercy,

COVENTRY, *January, 1867.*

The Sisters of Mercy have lately been translating some very beautiful

“MEDITATIONS ON THE PASSION OF OUR LORD,”

arranged according to the method of St. Ignatius, which they are about to have **Published, in time for Lent.** They are desirous of ensuring a certain number of Subscribers to aid them in doing this; and will, therefore, be most grateful to all who will encourage the good work by taking copies and endeavouring to circulate it all in their power, as by so doing they will be aiding in a charitable undertaking which will ensure for them the earnest prayers of the Sisters. The price of the book will be 2s., in limp cloth, post free to Subscribers, or twelve copies for a guinea.

N.B.—Orders are requested to be forwarded to the Superioress, as above; and Post-office Orders should be made payable to **TERESA WATKINS.**

DENIS LANE, Printer, 310, Strand, London.

op
eb
bo

D

PROTECTION FROM FIRE.

BRYANT & MAY'S
TRADE MARK



PATENT

SPECIAL SAFETY MATCHES,

WAX VESTAS AND VESUVIANS,

CONTAIN NEITHER PHOSPHORUS NOR SULPHUR,
AND IGNITE ONLY ON THE PREPARED SURFACE OF
THE BOX, THUS AFFORDING TO LIFE AND
PROPERTY THE MOST EFFECTUAL

PROTECTION



FROM FIRE

Sold by Grocers, Chemists, Ironmongers, Chandlers, Stationers, every where.

WHITECHAPEL ROAD, LONDON, E.

Perfect Freedom from Coughs in Ten Minutes after use,

And Instant Relief and a Rapid Cure of ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, INFLUENZA, COUGHS, COLDS, and all Disorders of the Breath, Throat, and Lungs, are insured by



Which have a most agreeable taste.

RAPID CURE OF COUGH AND DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING.

"Sir,—I write to inform you of the great benefit I have received from taking Locock's Wafers. I was so much oppressed at my chest, that when I lay down a coughing-fit came on with such violence that I have often thought I should not live to see the morning; but now I can sleep a whole night without coughing, after having taken only two boxes of Wafers.—J. HAYES."

To Singers and Public Speakers Dr. Locock's Wafers are invaluable for clearing and strengthening the voice.
Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box. Sold by all Chemists.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

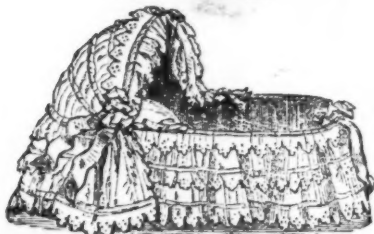
Dr. Locock's Powders for all Disorders of Children from Birth to 12 Years of Age.

No family should be without them in case of sudden illness at night or day.
With every Packet is given Plain Rules for the Management and Diet of Infants in Sickness and in Health.
CHILDREN CUTTING THEIR TEETH are speedily relieved by these Powders.

Sold by all Druggists, in packets, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.

CHRISTENING-ROBES FOR PRESENTS, 2½ GUINEAS.

BABIES' CLOAKS,
1 GUINEA.



BABIES' HOODS,
½ GUINEA.

BABIES' BERGEBEAU-NETTES, 2½ GUINEAS.

Babies' Baskets to match, 1 Guinea;

Christening-Caps, 1 Guinea;

Shirts, 2s.; Caps, 2s. 6d.; Gowns, 6s.

Lace Collars and Sleeves.

Cambric Handkerchiefs.

MARRIAGE OUTFITS COMPLETE.

White Dressing-Gowns, 1 Guinea;

Cotton Hosiery, 2s. 6d.;

Patent Corsets, 16s. 6d.;

Real Balbriggan Hosiery.

RIDING HABITS

OF

RIBBED CLOTH,

5½ G's.

—
NAPOLEON BLUE,

7½ G's.



RIDING HATS

AND

VEILS,

1½ G's.

LADIES' RIDING TROUSERS,

Chamois Leather, with Black Feet.

Linsey Habits for little girls, 2½ G's.

Every thing of the Superior Excellence for which the House has been
Celebrated for Thirty Years.

W. G. TAYLOR, 53 BAKER ST.

LONDON, W.

